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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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OREGON.—THE MODOC WAR—SCHONCHIN AND HIS ASSOCIATE "BUCKS" KILLED BY AN EXPLODING SHELL IN THE LAVA BEDS.—SEE PAGE 137.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
537 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, MAY 10, 1873.

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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is the oldest
established illustrated newspaper in America.

THE VIENNA EXPOSITION.

EVERYBODY who goes to Europe this summer will be full of the grand Vienna Exposition—a link in a chain forged by England in 1851, which we hope is destined to extend until it shall connect and harmonize all civilized peoples.

Many disagreeable truths are uttered about the speculators who follow these Expositions like so many grasping sutlers; but such shameless fellows cannot belittle the grand idea which pervades the enterprises. For our own part, we "take considerable stock," as the saying goes, in World's Fairs. We do not look upon them by any means as so many bazaars and advertising machines. On the contrary, we see in these interchanges a vast deal which is alike poetical, practical, civilizing and grand. What are all the tournaments described by all the poets, and chiefly by the picturesque pen of the "Wizard" Scott, compared with the Convocations of the Competing Knights of Industry and Invention? What are the conquests of the warriors mounted on cloth-of-gold covered Barbs, with their lances and "complete mail," in the comparison with the trophies of steam; and how does their tinsel array compare with the homely beauty, glistening in its highest light, from well-polished leather and iron up to burnished gold? The Industries have their romance, we take it, quite as much as Poets, Crusaders, Cavaliers and Troubadours. And Peace is the sweet Maiden Queen of the Tournament who salutes the victors. Plows, Sewing Machines, Locomotives, Telegraphs, are a band of heroes before which the Alexanders and Napoleons, the Cæsars and Wellingtons may well uncover.

And now that we are getting classic—and naturally so from our theme—we see the germ of these World's Fairs far back—in the time when the shield of Achilles displayed flocks, harvests, and vintages. When Homer sung, men were probably unacquainted with the use of Letters, or the coinage of money; princes and heroes prepared their own meals and those of their guests; the daughters of kings washed the garments of the household. No doubt Achilles was a better cook than are many of the restaurant "order cooks" who figure in this epicurean and gluttonous city.

But Commerce winged her way among these simple, glorious people. Along with the ivory and ebony, the fabrics and purple dyes, the wines and spices of the Assyrian merchant, there flowed into Greece the science of Numbers and of Navigation, and the Art of Alphabetical Writing from Phœnicia. Along with the fine wheat, and embroidered linen and riches of the further India, which came from Egypt, there came also into Greece some knowledge of the sciences of Astronomy and Geometry, of Architecture and Mechanics, of Medicine and Chemistry, together with the mystic wisdom of the distant Orient. The scattered rays of light which gleamed in the Eastern skies were thus converged in Greece as on a focal point, to be diffused by her bright intelligence throughout the Western World.

Thus intercourse with surrounding nations, by commerce and travel, immigration and colonization, and even collisions and invasions, became the means of diffusing knowledge, and of a higher civilization. And so goes the world to this day. Dr. Samuel Johnson made a great mistake when he "pooh-poohed" the idea of travel, and affirmed, "Nothing can be learned out of London." Social representative International greetings, as we hope, will yet do away with wars and the causes of wars. Perhaps, they are the heralds (now shouting among the Crédit Mobilier sinners) of General Grant's millennium, when all mankind shall be one Republic, and speak one language—a tongue, however, that shall not be the Ku-Klux dialect, as interpreted by Senator Morton.

The incomparable Shakespeare nobly describes the spirit which animates these international strife and courtesies, in the opening Act of "Henry VIII.," that pictures the social rivalry between France and England:

"—Each following day
Became the next day's master, till the last
Made former wonders, its: to-day, the French
All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods
Shone down the English; and, to-morrow, they
Made Britain India. * * Now this mask
Was cried incomparable; and the ensuing night
Made it a fool and beggar. The two Kings,
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
As presence did present them; him in eye,
Still him in praise."

INTERVIEWERS.

MR. CORCORAN, the Washington banker, complains (publicly) that he was bored and interviewed—and finally lied on—by a New York Tribune reporter, which wretch—because Mr. Corcoran would not say anything to him, had the audacity to publish several paragraphs, or columns, of a conversation that (to be Irish) did not occur. At this Mr. Corcoran complains.

The system of interviewing cannot be, and ought not to be, put down. It is one of the most useful methods of the modern Press. Through it the best thoughts, and freshest and most authentic facts, expressed by, or in the knowledge of, men, come to the surface, marked by an individuality which gives them a piquancy and emphasis otherwise unattainable. Therefore, the man who refuses to be interviewed by a respectable reporter deserves to be punished. He ought to be made to say something. He is a proper subject, in fact, for burlesque.

When the Press seeks out a citizen for interviewing, it pays a compliment to such party—no matter what his dignity. No man is above the public. And then, these reporters dress their heroes generally in a style far beyond the ability of the interviewed to speak. Put all the things together that General Grant, for instance, has formally written or spoken, and they pale before his last conversations, as reported in, and invented by, the New York Herald. Generally the reporter knows what a man ought to say, and how he should say it—an impromptu accomplishment seldom possessed by your average citizen or statesman.

It certainly should be flattering to the pride of any layman, or public functionary, either, for that matter, to be solicited by the representatives of the fountain of all power and intelligence to become a part, for the moment, of its really sublime majesty! When the great Daily Press asks to convey Mr. Jones's opinions or information to the world, it, in effect, proposes to put him in better company than he has been in the habit of keeping. It asks to introduce Mr. Jones to the civilized nations—through its columns—by ocean cable—by overland telegraph—and to make him figure on the grandest of stages. It condescends to concede that Mr. Jones knows something of importance to mankind, for which mankind will be indebted—something which even the great Press, which is presumed to know everything, does not know. He who is not flattered by an acknowledgment of this sort has neither the bump of self-esteem, nor of philanthropy, nor of approbation. He is a pagan, a heathen, a pump, an antediluvian, a piece of ancient history, and a fossil.

The card of a respectable reporter should be—and is—a pledge of honor and worth, which entitles its bearer to instant recognition. Instantly on its receipt, if marked "immediate," the President should postpone his Cabinet session, the merchant should close his ledger, the Secretaries of the great Bureaus should excuse themselves to members of the Ring, the private citizen should drop his dinner-knife and fork, or bottle, or soup-spoon, deferring all else to the demands of the urgent, noble, useful, bashful, eternally moving journalist, who is quite as important, in his way, as Dr. Slop was in his at the immortal moment of the birth of Mr. Tristram Shandy. When a reporter, under such circumstances, is snubbed, the whole fabric of society is wounded. To adopt an expressive Shakespearean phrase, there is "a gap in nature."

JOHN C. FREMONT'S FRENCH CASE.

WE cannot understand why the Daily Press have been so reticent about the case of John C. Fremont, as developed by the recent trial in Paris.

The synopsis of the evidence, as gathered from the Boston Daily Advertiser, shows about the following facts:

Seventeen years ago last February, the Legislature of Texas sanctioned the building of a railway to run from Texas Kama, upon the Red River, to the western border of the State. Subscriptions for \$40,000,000 of stock were opened, and about \$1,000,000 obtained, and work was begun. The war interrupted progress, and when peace came again there remained of the Company's possessions three or four miles of road, a floating debt of about \$50,000, and a conditional promise of a grant of land when the road should be completed. Of this moribund corporation, which was of no more service to any one than was the Crédit Mobilier when Oakes Ames and others purchased its charter, a Company, of which General Fremont was president, got possession. They immediately set about making it profitable, at least to themselves, and the field of their operations was France. The railway became the Trans-continental, Memphis and Pacific Railway. The thing to be done was to sell its bonds and get the money for them. General Fremont established himself in Paris. Associated with him were Baron Gaudré-Boilleau, his brother-in-law, Consul-General of France at New York, Minister Plenipotentiary of Peru, and an officer of the Legion of Honor, whose business it was to lend a quasi-official respectability to the Company in French circles and guarantee its uprightness; M. Probst, an old contractor in Mexico, who assumed any responsibility required of him for a consideration; Lissignol, a railway engineer, who made contracts for material, and took care to create an impression that a railroad was actually building; a man named Crampon, who was employed to write up the road in the papers, in doing which he did not hesitate to lie with reckless audacity, affirming that the bonds were quoted on the New York Stock Exchange, that Congress had guaranteed a vote of interest, that all the lines of road between Memphis and the Atlantic were amalgamated with the Trans-continental, and that 600 leagues of the road were already in actual operation; Paradis, Poupinel and Auffermann, who played subordinate parts. Some of these persons assisted in Paris, and some in New York.

All plans being perfected, the one essential to the consummation of the scheme was to get the bonds of the Company quoted on the Paris Bourse. The rules forbade

their being quoted there until previously quoted on the Exchange of the place of their origin, New York. All the time the French public was kept apprised, through the journals and by rumor, of stimulating incidents in the career of the great Company, the destined rival of the Union Pacific. At one time it had bought up all the opposition lines between the Atlantic and the Pacific. Again, the city of Norfolk was built on lands of the Company. These are but samples. The French were tempted, and they trusted. Then a statement was inserted in the New York Tribune and other papers to this effect: "That first mortgage land bonds, 6 per cent. of the Memphis, El Paso and Pacific Railroad Company, principal and interest payable in gold, are offered at 105 in paper, by Hodgskin, Randall & Co., and Auffermann." Then the following certificate was obtained by Auffermann and sent to Europe:

"By order of the Council of Directors it is certified that the first mortgage loan bonds of the Memphis, El Paso and Pacific Railroad Company, issued in two series of \$5,000,000 each, in denominations of \$100 and \$1,000, are admitted to negotiation upon the New York Exchange."

This certificate purported to be signed by one Spencer, and attested by Frederick Kapp. Spencer never existed and Kapp was dead. It was a year or more afterward before the bonds were admitted on the Bourse, and it was accomplished at length through the zealous and persistent efforts of Paradis. The French were deceived, and the amount of the bonds was paid to the Company. It is charged, \$33,320 francs, besides commissions on the amount and upon orders given to French traders. The French people took the bonds to the amount of 20,650,000 francs. Interest was paid on them out of the capital until it was discovered that the whole scheme was without substance or legitimacy. Legal proceedings were begun, but were interrupted by the troubled times. Recently they were resumed and prosecuted to the conclusion. When the books were seized, it appeared that there had been paid for materials purchased 2,750,000 francs, and there remained in hand 2,040,000 francs, leaving 18,850,000 francs to be accounted for. It is explained that 733,000 francs were spent in giving publicity to the scheme, 5,450,000 francs in allowances and commissions, 880,000 francs for the repurchase of securities stolen or loaned, 1,080,000 for the payment of interest, and 6,400,000 francs were forwarded to New York. Of this last item it is alleged that Fremont and his American accomplices received 3,500,000 francs, but no account has been given of the remainder.

The trial continued fifteen days. Poupinel, Crampon and Boilleau were present as prisoners; Fremont, Probst, Auffermann and others were absent, safe in America, but represented by counsel. On the day sentence was given there was a vast crowd present in and about the Seventh Chamber of the Tribunal of the Seine, made up not only of the friends of the wealthy and influential men accused, but of hundreds of the deluded bondholders. The opinion of M. Chevillotte, the President of the Court, is reported to have been a very able and clear review of the case, concluding in the following words: "Sentence: General Fremont, Probst and Auffermann, each to five years' imprisonment and 3,000 francs fine; Gaudré-Boilleau to three years' imprisonment; Crampon to four years' imprisonment and 3,000 francs fine; Lissignol to two years' imprisonment and 3,000 francs fine; Poupinel to one year's imprisonment and 3,000 francs fine," etc.

The amount recovered by the defrauded portion of the bondholders is only a meagre portion of their losses. They are impoverished through their confidence in the honorable character of an American who had once been the candidate of the Republican Party for the Presidency. His brother-in-law and other accomplices go to prison, while he, the principal agent, remains in safety on this side the ocean.

We repeat our surprise that this disgraceful swindle, so scandalous to the American name, should have received so little of the attention of the Press. But for the résumé of the proof in that reliable Republican journal, the Boston Daily Advertiser, we also should have been silent concerning the fraud, resting under the impression that the story was a canard or an absurd French farce.

SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHDAY.

SINCE we last went to press, the anniversary of Shakespeare's birthday—April 23d—has again passed—that memorable April 23d, 1564, a day which, next to the Saviour's nativity (and considered merely in a mortal sense) produced the greatest man the earth has seen. All words fail to convey the soul's ideal of Shakespeare, and all acting falls immeasurably below our closet conceptions of him. The most psychological, original, creative, philosophical, exhaustive and suggestive of writers, he is at the same time the simplest and the most familiar. At once an instructor and a companion, we admit him into all our hearts, as a loving friend who counsels, warns, sustains, inspires, edifies, instructs and amuses every rank and condition of mankind. He exalts our sense of virtue, intensifies our abhorrence of vice, stimulates noble ambition, expands our imaginations, and hallows all he touches with his unapproachable poetry and sweetness of diction. He grows younger and fresher with time. All rivalry is dumb before him. The greatest wits and poets and thinkers are content to worship at his shrine, and to become his expounders and eulogists. His critics and commentators are almost innumerable, embracing the highest names in England, Germany, France and Italy; and to such extent have their volumes grown, that they are numbered by tens of thousands, dating from Pope and Johnson down to Coleridge and Hazlitt. He is the only human intellect before which the civilized world bows.

Of all literature, the Shakespearean is the most curious. No diver ever toiled more painfully to rescue precious things from the bottom of the sea than have the lovers of Shakespeare worked to redeem and illustrate some of his ambiguous sentences. Much of this kind of work is simply curious, and much of it is merely nonsensical. Flagrant and evident errors of the Press (which the Bard seems never to have revised) have been even to figure as absurdly as bogus relics ever

figured in the hands of Pickwickian antiquarians. And great has been the hunt to detect the hand of Lord Bacon as the author of the Shakespearean plays, and the like. But this last pedantic nonsense is at once exposed, from the simple fact that, in every scene and character, Shakespeare appears as an actor, who comprehends its necessities, and who writes as only an actor or professional dramatist can, entirely for the stage.

But few tragedians have mastered Shakespeare's greatest characters so as to represent them at all satisfactorily; yet how human they all are! Who shall be expected at once to embody all that passion, that light and shade, that delicacy and strength, that power and tenderness, the poetical and the picturesque, the grand contrasts, that intense individuality, which pervade his creations? The theme is simply infinite. The name SHAKESPEARE, like a towering monument, tells all that the soul yearns to say about him. Our poor words, which seek to describe him, are as far below his altitude as is the murmuring surge beneath the dizzy height which Elgar describes in "Lear," from which

"The fishermen that walk upon the beach
Appear like mice, and you tall anchoring bark
Diminished to her cock."

CANOEING AND COFFINS.

CANOING is an aquatic misery which promises to become exceedingly popular among those who define pleasure to be a voluntary hardship incurred without the prospect of any gain. The modern canoe is an ingenious combination of a boat, a bathing machine, and a coffin. As a boat it is an extremely crank and ticklish craft; as a bathing machine it admirably fulfills the purpose of perpetually wetting its occupant, while its shape and general appearance make it an appropriate coffin for its owner when he has fallen a victim to the dangers of canoeing. The English Canoe Club, which numbers on its list nearly four hundred canoes, publishes from time to time a record of the cruises performed by its members. A sadder record of human misery cannot easily be found. In nearly all cases the "log-book" of the cruising canoeist tells the same damp and melancholy tale. He sets out in the morning in excellent spirits. He comes to a dam which he attempts to shoot. His canoe capsizes and he is forced to swim ashore, towing it after him. His matches being wet, he cannot kindle a fire and dry his clothes. He, therefore, passes the remainder of the day in a damp, moist, unpleasant condition, and goes supperless to his narrow bed on the floor of the canoe, his provisions, like his matches, having been saturated with water. In those rare instances where he is not capsized by a dam, he is swamped while passing a rapid, or he is overcome by the heat of the sun while paddling against a strong current in search of a place where he can lay in a fresh stock of provisions and matches. With a wise regard to its reputation, the English Canoe Club admits no members who cannot swim. Few deaths by drowning can, therefore, be credited to the canoe, but as a source of rheumatism, sunstroke, and violent colds, canoeing is exceptionally dear to the heart of the English practicing physician.

Though we have a Canoe Club in this city, it is as yet too young to have produced any very great suffering. It has, however, done what it could do in that direction. At its regatta, last October, three canoes arrived safely at the winning stake-boat. Of these, two immediately capsized the moment that their owners relaxed their vigilance in their astonished satisfaction at having accomplished the race without an accident; while the captain of the third canoe, who knew that every reasonable person expected him to capsize, selfishly sailed his craft to a sequestered bay, where he quietly proceeded to swamp himself in private. The only cruise made by members of this club was one from Lake Champlain to Quebec, which was effected by two canoeists last July. It appears to have been lamentably deficient in suffering. One of the canoeists succeeded in achieving a sunstroke, but this was really the only bright feature of a cruise that was miserably dry and safe. Better things, however, may be expected of the club this Summer, and it is understood that it has offered, as a reward to any member who will drown himself in the glorious cause of canoeing, to bury him in his canoe, and to adorn the same with a silver plate setting forth, not only the circumstances of his death, but the amount of influenza and rheumatism he may have previously achieved in the service.

From the foregoing summary of canoeing in England and this country, it may, perhaps, be imagined that we do not regard it with unlimited admiration. There are, however, two sorts of canoes, and two methods of canoeing. There is the racing canoe, which carries a cloud of canvas, and is about as dangerous and useless a craft as can be designed, and there is also the cruising canoe, which can be made both safe and useful. The tendency of both the English and the New York Canoe Clubs is to encourage the building of racing canoes, and then to induce unwary persons to use these preposterous craft for cruising purposes. This is wholly wrong, unless the object of the canoeist is to undergo as much misery as possible. Of course, there are those who enjoy the latter

diversion. A fondness for suffering is deeply implanted in the Anglo-Saxon heart. It is this that drives scores of young Englishmen to climb the Alps at the cost of infinite labor, and strew themselves at the foot of tremendous precipices, or to stow their frozen bodies neatly away at the bottom of fathomless crevasses. It is this that has led to the perversion of canoeing from its original purpose of cruising in safety and comfort to that of shooting dams in absurdly contrived boats, and of sailing races in over-sparred coffins.

If our Canoe Club is wise, it will shun the racing canoe, except as a machine confined strictly to that purpose, and to no other. It will give its entire influence to the improvement of cruising canoes, and the encouragement of rational cruising, and will adopt the theory that the canoe should be, as far as possible, divorced from the bathing machine and the coffin. By so doing it will foster an excellent and manly sport, and instead of reaping the doubtful blessing of the widow who has seen her husband laid for ever to rest in his canoe, and has hopefully ordered another canoe for his successor, the club will earn the thanks of all who believe that safe and innocent outdoor sports are the main want of American civilization.

The merchants and citizens of St. Louis, who have for some time past been devoting special attention to the interests of the Mississippi Valley, have taken steps toward an informal meeting of the members-elect of the next Congress in that city, on the 13th of May, for the purpose of joining in an excursion, planned for the 17th of May, by the newly opened railway from St. Louis, through the Indian Territory and Texas, to the Gulf of Mexico, returning to St. Louis by the river boats. This excursion will unite business with pleasure, the object being to secure a more intelligent and a more favorable recognition of the special interests of the Mississippi Valley and the great West in future legislation than can be gained by carrying all their axes to Washington to be ground. These interests include the improvement of the Western rivers so as to facilitate water transportation; the opening of water communication between the Mississippi and its tributaries and the great lakes, and the removal of obstructions from the mouth of the Mississippi; to say nothing of innumerable private enterprises, conflicting in their nature, but alike seeking national recognition, for which St. Louis is not responsible. The city authorities and the government of the Merchants' Exchange are engaged in the preparations for the gathering.

We are glad to see that the dies for the trade dollar, recommended for coinage by Dr. Lindeman, are nearly completed, and that the new coin will be ready for issue by the 1st of June next. This trade dollar is destined to play a very important part in our commerce with the East. Among the Chinese and Japanese, silver coin is preferred to gold, and in our dealings with these nations the old Mexican dollar, selected on account of its freedom from alloy, has up to this time been almost exclusively used in payment for merchandise exported. Latterly, owing to this constant drain, Mexican dollars have become so scarce that they have commanded a premium considerably above their intrinsic value, while the difficulty experienced in obtaining them in sufficient quantities for trade purposes has not a little interfered with the growth of our Eastern commerce. The new coin is intended to relieve this stringency in the silver market. It will be of about the same value and standard of purity as the Mexican dollar, and will be issued in quantities amply sufficient to meet all demands, thus practically lowering the price of Eastern commodities, and greatly facilitating the transaction of business with the nations of the East.

EDITORIAL MENTION.

A DISPATCH from Yreka says that a party of men have gone to the Lava-beds to bring in the body of Lieutenant Sherwood, who was fatally wounded in the first attack on Colonel Mason's camp on April 10th. The body will be sent to the East for burial. Neither the cavalry nor the Warm Spring Indians found the trail of the Modocs on their scout at first, but finally the Warm Spring Indians discovered the place of retreat of the enemy, and Donald McKay crawled upon them and counted forty Modocs, including squaws. He did not deem it expedient to make an attack upon them at that time, but it was expected that the troops and the Warm Spring Indians would attack them.

THE *Great Eastern* has just received on board the whole of the deep-sea section of a new Atlantic cable, the property of the French Company, which is to be laid in the last days of May and the beginning of June, the great ship being appointed to leave her moorings on the 20th of May. The wires will leave and enter British soil. Besides this, there is now in circulation in the United States and Europe the prospectus of a "Direct United States Cable," to be laid about the Autumn of 1874. Next year, therefore, if these designs be accomplished, five telegraph lines will connect this country with Europe. The cable now on board the *Great Eastern* is to run from Cornwall, the southern extremity of England, into Freshwater Cove, in the harbor of Halifax, Nova Scotia, thence a branch cable to Hog Island, near the end of Long Island, about 15 miles from Sandy Hook, and as much more from Brooklyn. If all goes well, this fourth cable will be working to New York by the 20th of July. It will weigh nearly two cwt. per knot more than any previous cable, and is calculated to last twice as long under the same conditions. The number of breaks is against it—one at Halifax, another at Hog Island, a third to Long Island, a fourth to Sandy Hook or Brooklyn, and a fifth to New York city. The length of a cable to Newfoundland is about 1,900 miles, while the length ready for shipment to establish the direct route, via Halifax, is over 3,600. The fifth cable, which it is proposed to have completed by May-day, 1874, and to be at work in the following August, will have six ordinary directors and a consulting director in London, with a council of nine in New York, at the head of which is Mayor Havemeyer, with several others, including two presidents of telegraph companies, and Mr. Straw, Governor of New Hampshire. The cable, which is to be 3,000 nautical miles in length, is to run from the coast of Ireland (precise place not named, but supposed to be near Galway) to a point on the coast of New Hampshire, where it will join the wires of the American land telegraph, which would give it complete and ready working with New York and other places in the United States and Canada. It is expected that this cable will save time from its being unnecessary to re-transmit the messages at an intermediate station or

stations, and also, of course, greatly reduce the chances of error. Speed and accuracy are desirable results. The cost is estimated at \$1,211,000, which, if all the shares are taken up and paid on, is calculated to leave a surplus of \$50,000 available for working capital. Instead of the tariff of three shillings (75 cents), it is hoped that the price will be as low as fifteen pence (30 cents) a word, which, if the line were fully employed, sending nine words per minute for eighteen out of the twenty-four hours, would yield a profit of ten per cent. It is calculated that, if the reduction were to one shilling and nine pence instead of fifteen pence sterling per word, there would be a net income or profit of above fifteen per cent.

MAY, June, and July are the months for transatlantic travel. It is estimated that the number of people who will "do" Europe this year will exceed 21,000. Our reporters say that but for the *Atlantic* accident enough steamers could not have been found to carry the thousands who were determined on a European trip this season. Apropos of that accident, the steamship statistics are most encouraging to the timid. The Cunard line has been thirty-three years in existence. A morning contemporary tells us it has carried nearly or quite a million of passengers, and has lost none by accident. The Williams & Guion line has carried a quarter of a million passengers since 1866, and has lost only six of them, they having been drowned by jumping overboard after a collision. The Anchor line has lost 250 lives by the loss of three steamers out of a total of 150,770 passengers carried since 1865, when the line was established. The same authority asserts that the National line has carried 271,000 passengers since 1866, and lost no lives or vessels. The Inman line lost 177 lives on the *City of Boston*, but has not suffered by any other disaster. The line began running in 1864, and has carried 787,000 passengers. The Hamburg line has had no casualties involving loss of life, and has carried safely 181,650 passengers since 1855. The North German Lloyd line has carried 482,000 passengers since 1858, and has lost none. The Baltic Lloyd line has lost none out of the 12,445 passengers carried since 1871. The White Star line has carried 61,900 passengers in two years, and has lost 546 in the terrible wreck of the *Atlantic*. These figures, united, show that of more than 3,320,000 passengers carried between Europe and New York by existing steamship lines, only 979 have lost their lives at sea by collision, shipwreck, or foundering—or almost exactly 1 in 3,400. This is a proportion much larger than is the average loss of life from railway accidents, but it is not so large as many have probably supposed. To put the chances in another way, these steamships have made between five and six thousand round trips, and only six accidents have happened involving loss of life. The fleets of steamers now equipped for transatlantic service are the Inman line, the Williams & Guion line, the National line, the White Star line and the Anchor line. There are other minor English, German, and French lines, such as the State line between New York and Londonderry and Glasgow, the Hamburg-American steamships, and the General Transatlantic Steamship Company's line to Brest and Havre. All these are represented as safe first-class lines, well officered and appointed.

ANOTHER Indian massacre is reported, and this time in Kansas, within a few miles of the Indian Territory, over which Friend Enoch Hoag exercises authority. Thirteen citizens, engaged in "prospecting," were ruthlessly murdered at Medicine Lodge Creek, and one, who witnessed the butchery of four of his companions, was taken prisoner and robbed of all he had. What further massacres were committed by the savages, of whom the dispatch states there were from three to four hundred, we will probably learn in a day or two, for it is not at all likely that a war party of that strength will bury the hatchet in a hurry. The Osages and Cheyennes are credited with this massacre. A dispatch by way of Omaha, from North Platte, Neb., says it is reported that a party of Miveroun Indians are on the war-path on Burnt Wood Creek, near that point. The troops stationed at North Platte, together with many armed citizens, have gone in pursuit of the band, who threaten to murder all the settlers in the Territory in retaliation for the killing of an Indian a few weeks since. No news, as yet, has been received from the expedition. A train with Government supplies for Fort Griffin from Denison, Texas, consisting of eight four-mule wagons, was captured by Indians on Cole Creek, sixty-five miles from Denison. Four of the eight men who were with the train are said to have been killed and two wounded. The Indians of Nevada, as far West as Utah, are excited about the Modoc war. A dispatch from Winnemucca says a large detachment of troops have arrived there, on the way from Camp Halleck, for Camp McDermitt. Fears are entertained among the people of an outbreak among the Piutes. The Indians in Oregon are committing depredations, and families are leaving the border for the larger settlements. In Arizona and New Mexico, Cochise and his followers, nominally at peace with the United States, continue their favorite pastime of killing white men when found away from home. The Indians are now out in such strength, that their intention to make war on the settlers this Spring, recently stated by General Sherman and Mr. Robeson, can be no longer concealed.

MASSACHUSETTS has been for some weeks past agitated quite as deeply as Illinois farmers or a New Jersey Legislature, upon a railroad question. The management of the interests which converge at the opening of the Hoosac Tunnel is felt to be a matter of the highest importance to the entire Commonwealth. The trade of Boston depends upon it. The great question involved is, does the Tunnel menace the commerce of New York? Boston thinks it does. Let us look this matter squarely in the face. The construction of many new railroads since the war, and the completion or extension of others, have largely increased the facilities for transporting Western produce to seaports south of this city. We must offset the railroad facilities which Boston offers, by equal or greater railway facilities at this port. And just here is the menace. Boston is constructing, in remarkable completeness, direct accommodations for the receipt and delivery of railroad freight. Warehouses and docks on the most extensive scale are designed and partly built, which will enable the cars to discharge their loads directly into store by means of elevators, while ocean steamers coming alongside can, with equal directness, receive or unload their burdens. The drag on the commerce of New York has always been a want of just such accommodations. There is a primitive simplicity about the methods by which goods are carted from car to store and from store to lighter in this city, that is worthy of the age of the Knickerbockers. Cartage alone is \$22,000,000 a year. To this must be added at least as much more for superfluous labor and storage. More than all, there results an enormous loss of time, which in this case is money. Some time or other we are to have warehouses and improved docks. These are to be on the North River, and on the East River, and on the Harlem River.

WASHINGTON.—The designs for the postage-stamps to be used by the officers of the Government, which by law are required to be of different design from the ordinary stamps, have been made and accepted. The designs will cover all the present denominations of stamps, and the color of the ink will be the same as that used now, and the size of the stamp will be the same. Each denomination, from the one-cent stamp to the ninety-cent,

will be printed for each department, and every one will contain the name of the department for which it is intended. The specimens are by far the handsomest stamps yet issued, and are easily distinguished. The medallions as used in the ordinary stamps will be retained, the change being in the borders. At the top of the stamps are the words, "Department of State," "Department of War," or whatever department they are intended for, and on either side of the medallion is a star with the letters "U.S." The stamps intended for the President are marked "Executive." These official stamps are to be furnished on requisition to those entitled to them by the Third Assistant Postmaster-General, each department having a clerk to take care of the stamps and supervise their use. Subordinate officers will, of course, obtain their stamps from the head of their department. The Treasury Department has already made requisition for 200,000 stamps for the first three months following June 30th, when the abolition of the franking privilege goes into effect. The appropriations by Congress for postage of the several departments was \$1,865,900 for the next fiscal year. The orders for the postal card to be adopted on the 1st of May have greatly exceeded the anticipations of the officers of the Post Office Department, and the addition of 5,000,000 which was ordered has been already spoken by the various offices. The Postmaster at Philadelphia alone has ordered 1,000,000, and other cities in proportion. It is not unlikely that the small offices throughout the country can be supplied for several weeks.

The approaching 17th of June will be, according to Marquette's journal, the two hundredth anniversary of the discovery of the Mississippi. In St. Louis, and possibly elsewhere on the line of that historic river, it is proposed to commemorate the event in some suitable manner. On the 10th of June, 1673, it is said, Marquette and Joliet, priest and merchant, attended by five other Frenchmen and two Indians, left Green Bay for the southwest. They ascended the Fox River in canoes to the dividing ridge between it and the Wisconsin. Carrying their light canoes on their shoulders across the "divide," they launched them upon the Wisconsin. All but Marquette and Joliet returned to Green Bay. The heroic priest and merchant descended the newly discovered river, and on the 17th of June, 1673, they glided out of the Wisconsin upon the bosom of the upper Mississippi, "with a joy," says the discoverer, "that I cannot express." Thence they pursued their explorations to the mouth of the Arkansas River, and returning by way of the Illinois River, arrived at their settlement on Green Bay on the 1st of September. And now, says the *St. Louis Republican*, "after a lapse of two hundred years, after the wilderness they found has been converted into fields and gardens, after the wigwam villages have faded away, and the shadows of mighty cities fall upon the waters of the stream they found flowing through trackless wilds, it is proposed to revive the half-forgotten memories of Marquette and Joliet, and erect some suitable memorial which shall preserve their fame until the latest times."

GENERAL GRANT, for the first time in his Presidential life, has made somebody laugh—and for the first time he seems to have got courteous. We allude to his speech at his St. Louis reception, which the reporter gives as follows: "Ladies and gentlemen—The compliment is such that I scarcely know how to respond to it; but I can say that it is with very great pleasure I come back here, as I do almost annually, to a city where I came first as a very young man thirty years ago, and where I first made the acquaintance of that spouse with whom—(cheers and laughter)—I have been stopping a day or two with General Harney and his family, and he knows that we don't get along as happily as you think. (Renewed laughter.) I shall endeavor in the future to make my visits quite as frequent as they have been, although I very much doubt whether I shall ever make my permanent residence here. I have never lived long enough at any one place to form very close attachments, except here and in Washington. Since I have been grown, my fortune has been such that a year is about as long as I have been permitted to remain in one place. Now I shall be left rather free to select. I will propose the health of our worthy host."

AMONG other border troubles, we have had Mexican news by way of El Paso del Norte, conveying intelligence of murder and pillage. In New Mexico matters are in a state of confusion. There are wars and rumors of wars. In Sonora, Sinaloa and Oaxaca, according to recent accounts, is an open state of rebellion, and to add fuel to the flame of sedition and insurrection, Lazado has declared a war of races and occupies Jalisco, in Chihuahua, with his Indian troops. The disregard shown to law and legal authority, the frequent violation of the Extradition treaty on the part of Mexico, coupled with her refusal or inability, probably the latter, to enforce her own laws and control her people, has crippled American interests, to an incredible degree. Such perpetual turmoil and strife across the border, in addition to Indian depredations, is fast depopulating this section. At El Paso del Norte, within two years, there has been a decrease of ten per cent. in the white population, and it is reported as still growing less.

SENATOR WINSLOW'S Usury Bill, which passed the Senate by a decisive vote, continues the legal rate of interest at seven per cent., but makes a contract for a higher rate void only as regards the interest. It also abrogates the severe penalties of the present law, permitting judgment to be rendered only for the amount loaned, with legal interest, in case of the borrower, before legal proceedings are taken, making tender; and in case of the lender, under like circumstances, offering to receive the amount loaned, with legal interest, judgment is allowed to the amount of this offer, with taxable costs. It will be seen that while this is not a repeal of the Usury Law, it is a modification that cannot fail in its practical effect to be of great service in the financial centre of the State, as well as in the larger cities. This is precisely the idea put forth by us and urged weeks ago.

It is worthy of note that the contract for the construction of the new ocean telegraph cable, from England to Rye Beach, N. H., contains a specific prohibition of any future amalgamation with or absorption by the present cable organization. The object apparently sought is a permanent and independent competition. We are informed that all the requisite capital is raised and the proper contracts completed. The cable is to be laid in 1874, on a line south of the Great Banks, and is to be of the best possible construction, with a greater conducting power than any now in operation. There can be no doubt that the interests of the public, and of the Press especially, will be served by the success of this undertaking.

Much damage is being done by floods. Advice from Montreal, of date 25th of April, report that at St. Ann's the water is twelve feet deep in the road, and five feet deep in many of the houses. At River du Loup houses have been swept away. Berthierville is almost completely submerged. Only about twenty houses have no water in them. A very strong wind would cause incalculable damage. The water is rising at the latter place. It is reported from Three Rivers that the whole of the west end of the city is inundated. There was at above date about five feet of water in the streets.

On the 6th and 10th of May, at 2 o'clock P. M., the Twenty-fifth anniversary of the National Woman Suffrage Society will be held at Apollo Hall, when Mrs. Anthony will tell the story of her "arrest and persecutions for casting a ballot."

A CABLE dispatch brings us the intelligence that the late rumor of the death of Sir Samuel Baker, in Africa, is without any foundation in fact.

THE JUDICIARY.—The Bill to provide for submitting to the people, at the next general election, the question whether Judges shall be elected or appointed, has gone through the Assembly. It had previously passed the Senate.

THE VIENNA SCANDAL.—General Van Buren and his assistants have been suspended. A new Board of Commissioners will be appointed.

FOREIGN.—SPAIN.—Another crisis is reported at Madrid. The details of the story are most too long for our space. A culmination has been reached of public sentiment (so they say) against the Permanent Committee raised by the Legislature—the forcible dissolution of that body by a Ministerial decree, and a street demonstration by the "Reds," growing out of the appointment of Señor Margall to the temporary Presidency, in place of Figueras, who had been suddenly called away from the capital by the death of his wife. The Committee insisted that in making this appointment the Government exceeded its powers, and the mob seem to be of the same opinion. To make the story short, the Government has triumphed for the moment. But all is in confusion and peril. The elections to the Cortes will reveal the true condition of things in Spain. * * * * ENGLAND.—The Earl de la Warr has committed suicide—love the cause. The Tichborne claimant is on trial for perjury. * * * * We have dates from Vienna to the 28th of April. The Reichsrath closed on the 24th with a speech from the throne, in which the Emperor made fitting allusion to the World's Exhibition. The Prince of Wales left London for Vienna on the night of the 24th of April. * * * * ROME.—The Pope is represented as being ill again and confined to his bed. * * * * FRANCE.—The Government has sustained a severe defeat in Paris. The contest for the vacant seat in the Assembly came to an end, April 27th.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

FROM T. B. PETERSON & BROS.: "Lord Hope's Choice," a new and charming novel by Mrs. ANN S. STEPHENS; "Woman's Wrongs," by Mrs. ELIZABETH; and "Harry Coverdale's Courtship and Marriage," by FRANK E. SMEDLEY.

M. GRAY, of San Francisco: The music of "Old Black Joe," "On in the Twilight I'm Dreaming," "Das Leedle Plack and Dan," "No, no, I Never Can Forget," "The Fanny Marston Polka," and "Aladdin Schottische."

SAMUEL R. WELLS: "Expression: its Anatomy and Philosophy." By SIR CHARLES BELL.

ELIAS HOWE: Late numbers of *Howe's Musical Monthly*.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

LORD LYTTON has left another play for publication.

VIEUXTEMPS, the celebrated violinist, is playing at Bordeaux with great applause.

The third concert of the Vocal Society of New York was given at Steinway Hall lately.

LULU appeared, on Monday evening, at Niblo's, in "Azzurri," or, "The Magic Charm."

MR. H. F. DALY, of the Globe Theatre, Boston, has been engaged for Booth's next season.

AN Italian machine for stereographing music played on the piano is to be exhibited at Vienna.

HERR WAGNER having asked, according to the *Musical World*, 1,000 guineas to go to London to give three concerts, will not be there this season.

It is reported that Mr. Carl Rosa is going to essay a season of English opera at Her Majesty's Theatre. Madame Parepa Rosa will, of course, be the *prima donna*.

THERE is nothing new on the bills at the leading theatres—Boucault, Sothern and Fechter still performing in the plays they have made so essentially their own.

RUMOR speaks very favorably of a new fashionable comedy, called "Without a Heart," now in rehearsal at the Union Square Theatre. It will succeed "Agnes."

THEODORE THOMAS's last symphony concert at Steinway Hall, at which all the artists of the Grand Festival appeared, was a brilliant success, and closed the carnival in a manner that commanded immense applause.

In Madrid, at the Teatro San Martin, a return has been made to the religious plays of the Middle Ages. The drama now performed, the "Pasión y Muerte de Jesus," is an illustrated history of the life of Our Saviour.

A NEW version of "Humpty Dumpty" was produced at the Olympic Theatre recently. Mr. G. L. Fox, in this as in the preceding pantomimes, being the radiant genius of the piece. Those extraordinary gymnasts, the Wilson Brothers, take their benefit on Thursday afternoon, May 1st.

SIGNOR VERDI's "Aida" was produced at the San Carlo, Naples, on the 30th ult.; the composer was recalled 38 times. Signor Marchetti's new opera, "L'Amore alla Prova" had an equal triumph at Turin, as also Signor Petrucci at Barietta, with his new work, "La Maledetta."

SWITZERLAND contributes so little to dramatic art, that the announcement of the production of a new play at any of the Swiss theatres is almost unknown. An original comedy, by M. Charles Besançon, entitled "Pas de Lettre," has been given, however, at Geneva, and has obtained a triumphant success.

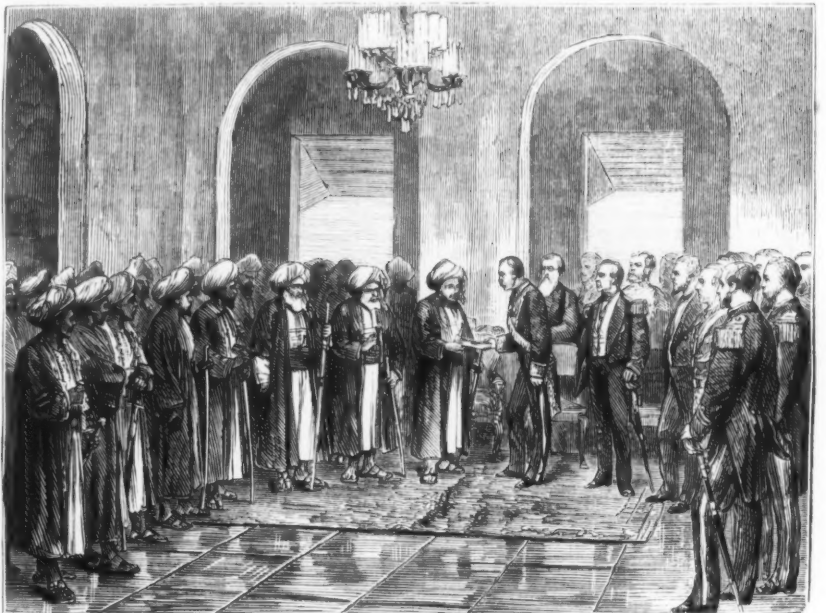
The success that has attended Miss Lydia Thompson and her Company during the present season exceeds in pecuniary results any season since the company first appeared in this country. Miss Thompson and some of her troupe will cross the Atlantic immediately, returning for the Fall season in August with many novelties for the burlesque season of 1873 and 1874.

THE Society of the Amateurs of Music in Vienna will give two great musical festivals in co-operation with the renowned institutions, the Association of Gentlemen Singers (Maennergesangverein), the Philharmonic Society (orchestra of the great Imperial Opera), and the Society of Song (Singverein), and assisted by the first solo performers in song and on instruments. The concerts take place on the 4th and 11th of May, at noon, in the great and splendid Music Hall of the Society. The programme of the first concert will include the most celebrated compositions by Francis Schubert; that of the second, the greatest works by Beethoven, among them the Ninth symphony.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—See Page 133.



ITALY.—THE POPE'S ORPHANS IN THE PINCIO AT ROME.



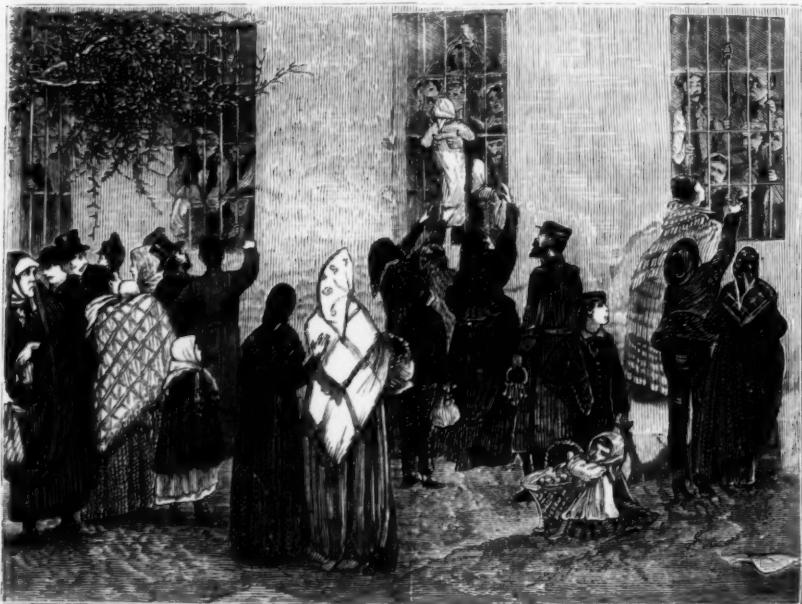
AFRICA.—RECEPTION OF SIR BARTLE FRERE BY THE SULTAN OF ZANZIBAR.



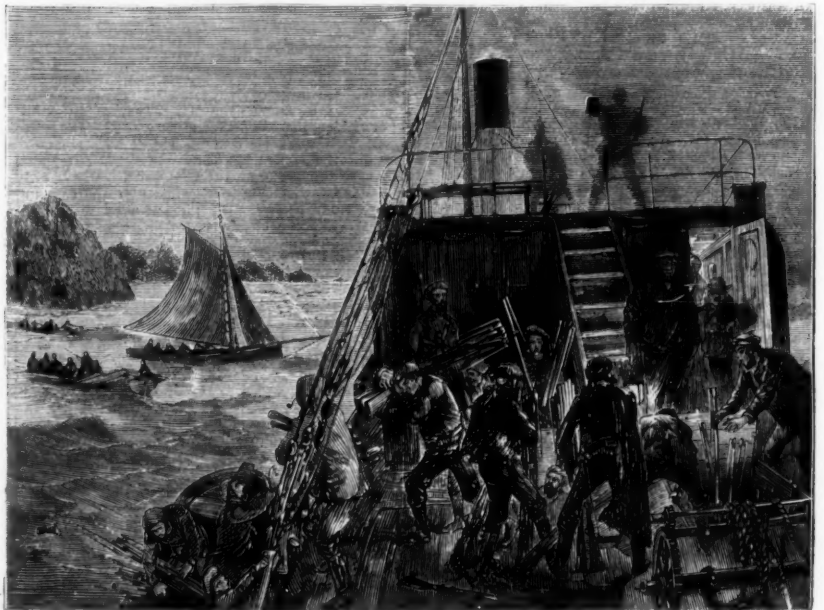
ENGLAND.—THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO THE EAST OF LONDON.



FRANCE.—RECEPTION OF THE DUC D'AUMALE AT THE FRENCH ACADEMY, IN PARIS.



SPAIN.—THE FRIENDS OF CARLIST PRISONERS VISITING THEM IN MADRID.



SPAIN.—CARLISTS DISEMBARKING ARMS ON THE ISLAND OF BIRDS.

THE MODOC WAR.

FIGHT IN THE LAVA BEDS.

IN our last issue we furnished views of the Lava-beds and incidents of the Modoc war. Since then the actions of the United States troops under General Gillem have been characterized by vigor and promptitude.

The enemy were dislodged from their former strongholds by the shelling and assaults of the besiegers, and were forced to take refuge in the fastnesses of the surrounding hills.

The cave occupied by Captain Jack and his gang of red miscreants is now in the hands of the troops, and from the appearance of things therein—the quantities of ammunition found, together with provisions and other articles—it was evident that the Indians had fled precipitately.

It is thought that the insurgents are yet hidden away in the neighborhood of Lower Klamath Lake.

The main body are supposed to be preparing to make raids on the surrounding country, while another portion of the tribe remains in the Lava-beds to check the advance of the soldiers.

There is a manifest uneasiness occasioned by the fear of Captain Jack's obtaining aid from the neighboring Indians. It is possible that all the tribes, except the Warm Spring Indians, sympathize with Captain Jack, but they are satisfied that to aid him means extermination. The Pitt River Indians will not be likely to join Jack unless he forces them. They are a miserable set, and have become so demoralized over their many severe chastisements by General Crook that they have lost all courage to fight the whites. The Snake Creeks about Fall River are equally despicable, and really belong to the Pi-Utes. The Snakes and Pi-Utes, who roam about Goose Lake and further north, are vicious customers. Although belonging to some northern reservation in Idaho and Oregon, they are constantly prowling around the section comprising Goose Lake, Chewean and other valleys in Eastern Oregon, Northern Nevada and Southern Idaho. The Shastas scarcely number half a dozen warriors. They have always been bitter enemies of the Modocs. The Scott Valley and Klamath River Indians, although sought for aid, have never shown the least disposition to take stock in Captain Jack's crusade. The Indians thereabouts and throughout Scott Valley are well posted on the movements of the Modocs. Signal-fires have been reported on some of the hills in Scott Valley, but whether they are signals of the Modocs, or not, cannot be ascertained.

The extent of the casualties among the Modocs has never been accurately calculated. Dr. Cabanero, who had been along the line the day of the fight, says he counted twelve warriors slain. It is impossible to say how many were buried or burned.

Our engravings illustrate some of the novel events of the siege. One of the most singular is the circumstance of Schonchin's "taking off." It appears that while the "Bucks," as they are called, were holding a council of war in a cave, a shell dropped in their midst. Schonchin and another rushed to it, picked it up, and attempted to bite the singular intruder. During their examination the shell exploded and put an abrupt end to their investigations. This story was related to the troops by a squaw taken prisoner a day or two after the fight.

Our other pictures show the Indians contesting the advance of the troops step by step, and the former burning their dead, after the affray.



JOHN ANDERSON, THE DONOR OF PENIKESSE ISLAND TO PROF. AGASSIZ.

The anxiety of people to learn more about the operations of the military against Captain Jack increases daily. Information, however, comes slowly, but not more slowly than the work of extermination proceeds. However, by the latest advices we learn that the Indians are busy in the Lava-beds again, and hot work is anticipated.

JOHN ANDERSON,
THE DONOR OF PENIKESSE
ISLAND.

MR. JOHN ANDERSON, whose faithful portrait appears in this number, has been conspicuous for many years past among our self-made men as a manufacturer of tobacco, and more particularly as the originator of that famous brand of fine-cut chewing-tobacco known by the trade name of "Solace."

Mr. Anderson is a native of the city of New York, and is now about sixty years of age, during thirty-five of which he has been engaged in the tobacco business in this city, from which he is understood to have amassed a splendid fortune.

Some eight or ten years ago, Mr. Anderson's health being undermined by his too close and laborious application to business, he found it necessary to retire, as he at that time imagined, for ever, but about the middle of last year, however, he was permitted to resume the business.

It was on the occasion of this retirement, we believe, that Mr. Anderson purchased the Island of Penikese, which has now acquired a new place in history in connection with his splendid endowment of "The Anderson School of Natural History," of

which the Summer sessions are to be held on that island.

Penikese is one of the Elizabeth Group, and is situate in Buzzard's Bay, in the State of Massachusetts, about three-quarters of a mile north of Cutty Hunk. It contains nearly a hundred acres, and when it passed into the hands of Mr. Anderson could boast of little beyond the natural beauties derived from its climate and situation; but it has become one of the most delightful Summer retreats on our Atlantic seaboard. During the hottest periods of the Summer season the sea-air is always so cool and refreshing, that exercise can be taken in the open air at all hours of the day, while the nights are so cool, even in the warmest weather, as to render a blanket agreeable, if not necessary.

It is this retreat that Mr. Anderson has given to Professor Agassiz as the future home of his long-imagined Summer school for Naturalists; and lest the gift should fail in realizing the ends sought to be attained, he has supplemented it by a pecuniary endowment of fifty thousand dollars. The formal delivery—of the island and of the endowment—fund—took place on Monday, April 21st, at Penikese, in the presence of most of the public officials of New Bedford, when Professor Agassiz received, in person, the princely tribute thus paid by Mr. Anderson to his genius, and to Science.

With the island and appurtenances Mr. Anderson gives two bonds of \$25,000 each, New York City Central Park Addition Fund of 1874. The deed appoints Professor Agassiz President of the Board of Trustees, and director of the school, with the sole authority to appoint teachers and lecturers and prescribe the course and methods of study, and Mr. Cary is appointed Treasurer. Mr. Anderson reserves the right to reside on a promontory of some fifteen acres at the eastern extremity of the island; also the right to appoint an additional trustee, and the deed prescribes that five trustees shall always be residents of Massachusetts and one of New York city. The trustees are authorized to expend a portion of the fund of \$50,000 for the erection of such

buildings as are immediately needed, but the fund shall be made good to \$50,000 from the first donations subsequently received. The specimens in natural history required for the use of the school shall be furnished from the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Cambridge, and it is the intention of the donor that the school shall be the educational branch of the Museum; and the trustees may make the school the exclusive place of instruction in natural history, in connection with Harvard College, while its business matters are to be kept totally distinct from the College.

It is contemplated to erect immediately a wooden building, 25 by 100 feet, two stories high, to contain eight laboratories and workshops on the first floor, and on the second 26 sleeping-rooms, 6 by 10 feet, a larger room for the Director, and two bathrooms. Everything is to be built as cheaply as possible. The plans have been prepared by R. H. Slack, of Boston.

GRAND MUSICAL FESTIVAL

AT STEINWAY HALL.

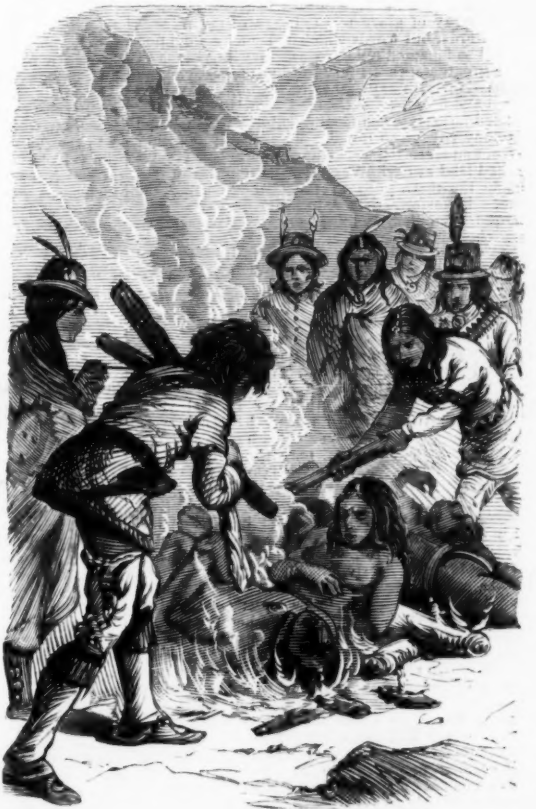
FEW men have struggled more assiduously to elevate the standard of music in this country than Mr. Theodore Thomas, to whose love of art and spirited exertions we are indebted mainly for the grand musical festival that has just closed at Steinway Hall, and which will be found illustrated elaborately in our columns to-day.

With an ambition the most laudable, and in the face of difficulties of no ordinary frequency and magnitude, this gentleman has won a name the most respectable among musical conductors; and has created an orchestra the fame of which has not only filled every corner of this land of ours, but attracted attention on the other side of the Atlantic.

In gathering about him and harmonizing so many exceptional performers, if not artists, he has accomplished a task bordering upon the impossible; for a more unmanageable, jealous and irritable class than that of musicians does not exist on the face of the habitable globe. The truth of this assertion may be tested at any time by adroitly eliciting the opinion of any one instrumentalist or vocalist in relation to another of the same description; for in music, as in general business, no two of a trade seem to agree.

The fine symphony concerts which we had recently from this orchestra, and the magnificent performances of Rubinstein and Wieniawski, together with those of the Philharmonic and other Societies, have culminated gloriously in the great carnival under consideration, which may be said to have crowned our Spring season of music here; and which, notwithstanding some defects, will be remembered with pleasure for many a day to come. Of course no inconsiderable portion of the success of this grand affair is due to the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston, and to their intimate knowledge of oratorio. Numbering five hundred well-trained voices, such a force and the throng of instrumentalists present upon the occasion were imposing in the extreme, and presented an orchestra and chorus of the very first order.

The festival opened with the "Elijah" of Mendelssohn; and a glance at our engraving will show the interior of the hall and the disposition of the performers as they appeared engaged in that great

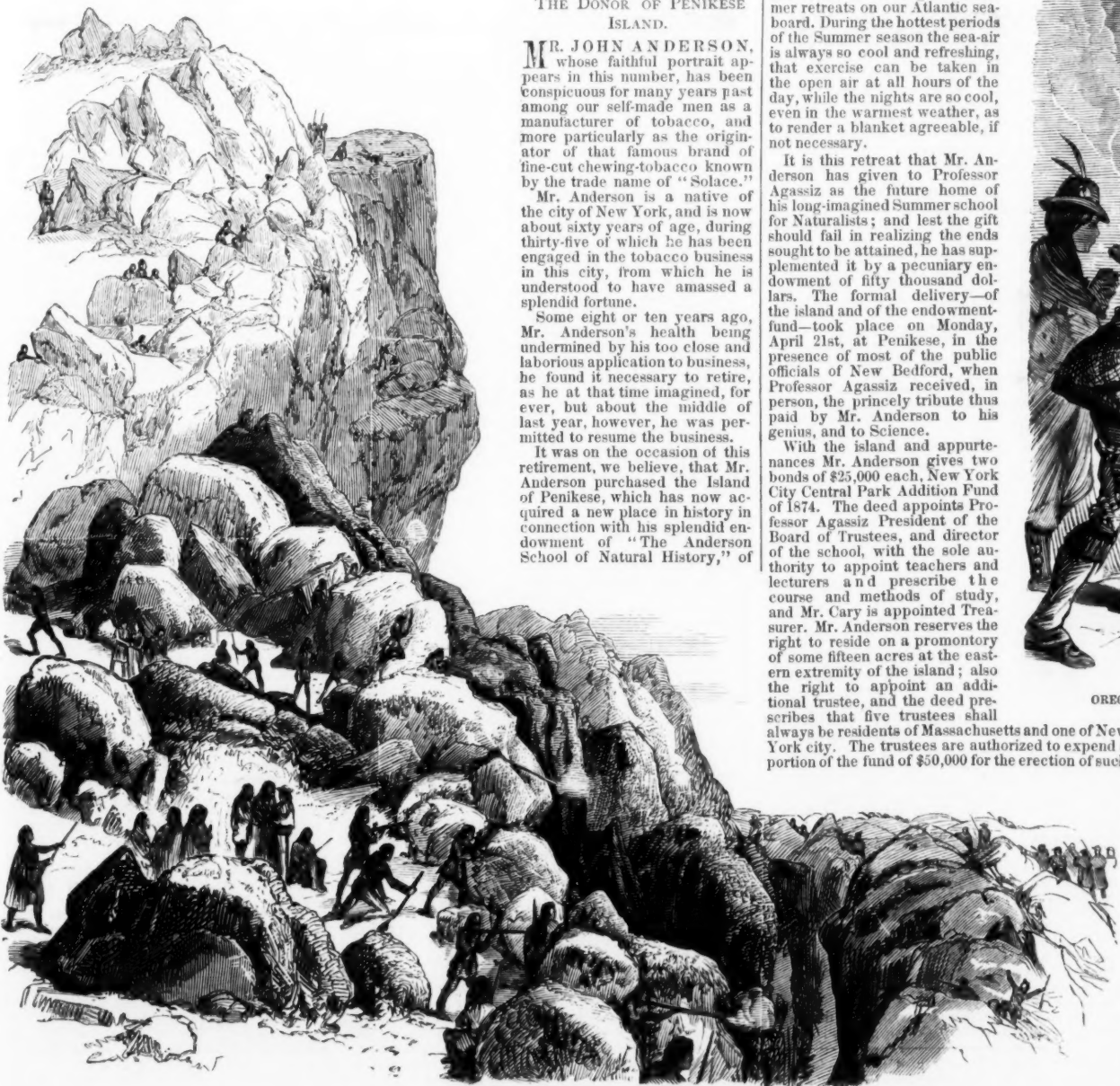


OREGON.—THE MODOCS BURNING THEIR DEAD.

work under the baton of Mr. Carl Zerrahn. It is not our intention to go into any elaborate criticism of the manner in which the various solos were given, nor are we prepared to endorse the charges which have been made against the tunelessness of one of the artists; but what we can conscientiously say is, that never in this city has oratorio been given with finer effect; and such, decidedly, was the impression of the immense audience that crowded the hall on the opening night.

It is thought by some that Handel was treated rather cavalierly on the second evening of the performance, from the fact that selections only were given from his "Israel in Egypt;" but as Handel could better afford to be trifled with than any of the other authors produced upon the occasion, we don't see any very just grounds for offense.

During the festival there were three matinees with splendid programmes, and five evening performances, one of which latter was given at Brooklyn when "Elijah" was reproduced. The fourth night was devoted to a grand concert, in which Rubinstein, Wieniawski, Mr. S. B. Mills, Mr. William Mason, Mrs. H. M. Smith and Miss Annie Louisa Carey appeared. On this occasion Bach's concerto for three pianos was performed by Rubi-



OREGON.—THE MODOC WAR—CAPTAIN JACK'S FOLLOWERS INTRENCHED IN THE LAVA-BEDS.

stein, Mills and Mason—and need we say in a manner the most superb?

On the last evening of the week, Mr. Thomas delighted a crowded house with one of his splendid symphony performances, at which the Handel and Haydn Society and all the artists appeared. This, of course, was the feast of feasts, presenting so many features of such absolute excellence that to describe them adequately requires more time and space than our crowded columns admit of. Sufficient to say, however, that this grand *finale* closed the brief and brilliant season most effectively, and that at its termination but one opinion was expressed by the large concourse that heard it, and it is scarcely necessary to add that that opinion was highly complimentary to Mr. Thomas and the great artists and others concerned in the grand ovation.

BEST.

"LOVE is better than house or lands;
So, Sir Stephen, I'll ride with thee!"
Quick she steps where the courser stands,
Light she springs to the saddle-tree.

Love is better than kith or kin;
So close she clung and so close clasped he,
They heard no sob of the bitter wind,
Nor the snow that shuddered along the lea.

Love is better than life or breath!
The drifts are over the horse's knee;
Softly they sink to the soft, cold death,
And the snow-shroud folds them silently.

Houses and lands are gone for aye,
Kith and kin like the wild wind flee,
Life and breath have fluttered away,
But love hath blossomed eternally.

IN CASA FRANGIPANI.

I WAS born of poor, but very respectable people, in the year 1625, in the city of Paris. I do not know from which of my humble parents I inherited a love of the fine arts, but at an early age I manifested such a decided taste for painting, that my father (an honest tailor) determined I should follow the career of an artist. Accordingly, he placed me in the studio of a painter of great renown, who, out of kindness to my father, who made his clothes, permitted me, first, to clean his brushes, and then to paint in the black and brown of his backgrounds. I labored with zeal, and soon so pleased my master that he promoted me rapidly; and from painting backgrounds I soon reached a higher step in the ladder of my ambition, and was allowed to work in the minor details of the draperies and ornamentation. By dint of rising very early I contrived to teach myself many things, and finally succeeded in painting a picture representing Apollo and the Muses dancing. It was a most insignificant work, but my excellent master, out of the tenderness of his heart, pronounced it worthy of praise, and declared he detected the germs of genius and the promise of future ability of no mean order. When I was twenty, I so contented him by my perseverance and the progress I had made, that he obtained for me a purse, sufficiently weighty to enable me to go to Rome, there to finish my studies. The great Louis XIV. gave him the money for me, and deigned to give me an audience ere I left France, in which he spoke encouragingly to me, and patted me on the head, saying, "You must try and add your ray of glory to the lustre of my reign." A few words, but words which had much effect upon me, and so inflamed my imagination with visions of future greatness, that I fear I did not regret enough the parting with my father and mother, my kind patron and friends.

I need not relate the few adventures which befell me on my voyage to Rome. We went by sea from Havre, and were six weeks upon the ocean ere we touched land at Civita Vecchia.* From this ancient port to the metropolis of the Catholic world the journey is performed in a lumbering kind of cart dragged by mules, and the scenery is dreary and melancholy in the extreme. It was eighteen hours before we first beheld the great cupola of St. Peter's, and even at this lapse of time, close on fifty years, I can remember the sensation of rapture with which I noted the evening haze overshadowing its mighty form. I brought with me, from my master, a letter to Poussin, who received me with much affability, and even went so far out of his way as to procure me lodging near his house, and invited me to come to him in any trouble which might befall me. I ought, perhaps, to state that for several years previous to my departure for Italy I had mastered the language, and could speak it with fluency. It is not my purpose, however, here to narrate my impression of Rome, for, although fate permitted me to remain but three days within the walls of the Eternal City, I could fill a volume with descriptions of the monuments and pageants I beheld. I had not, however, been, as I have said, three days in this wonderful capital, ere there befell me so terrible an adventure, that it nearly killed me with fright, and was the cause of my being obliged to quit Rome for many years. It happened this way: On the third evening of my stay, when I had finished my supper, I resolved upon taking a moonlight stroll toward the Colosseum, in order to behold that surprising edifice by night. On my way thither I chanced to note a number of sedan-chairs standing in a line opposite the Diana Theatre,† the exterior of which was brightly lit up, as if for the benefit of a favorite singer. As I had some money in my pocket, I entered this place of amusement, and was soon seated in the *platea* (or pit). The interior of the theatre, which was not very large, was densely crowded by very fashionable and elegant people, and, moreover, illuminated with many wax tapers, after the fashion called a *giorno* in Italy, or, "as light as day." It was Carnival-time, and Mustafa, the famous Mustafa sang. It was he they *feted* by the lighting of the tapers, and by frantically clapping their hands whenever he appeared or opened his lips to sing. I never heard a finer singer than this man in all my long life, and could, with difficulty, persuade myself that he was not a woman, so well did he enact the part of one—so clear and mellow were the notes of his high soprano voice. A French gentleman, seated next to me, assured me, however, that no female singer was permitted to appear upon the boards of a public theatre within the dominions of His Holiness.‡ This compatriot of mine proved to be a man of parts, and well-acquainted with all the *beau monde* in the theatre. Being very loquacious, he soon put me in the way of recognizing any of the illustrious persons present, and entertained me with man racy bits of gossip. "Sir," says he, "do you perceive that fair-haired lady in yonder box? That is the Princess Cenci, who laughs now,

but will cry by-and-by, for her husband beats her. You little man is an English maylor, famous for the high stakes he plays at the Austrian Embassy's quadrille-table. This lady in pink, with diamonds, is a very respectable person, Princess Borghese, and with her is Madame Olimpia Maldacchini, of whom strange tales are told. They call the lady in the box near the stage—she who is powdered and painted—Aloise, but her real name is Duchess di Bevilacqua, a famous beauty, once upon a time, and a still more noted flirt."

My attention was, however, soon attracted by the appearance of a lady who had just entered the theatre, and who sat upon the stage amongst several other distinguished personages. She was attired in violet velvet, and wore many diamonds of great lustre in her hair. In her hand she held a book of the play, and a fan of peacock feathers. Her form was unusually stately—tall and commanding. She was large and exceedingly white, as is often the case amongst the patrician women of Rome. Her countenance was very noble; her features were as regular as those of an ancient statue; and her eyes black, lustrous, and shadowed by long and beautiful lashes. Leaning over the back of her chair was a graceful young gentleman of about twenty-four years of age. His hair was fair and golden; he had a merry blue eye, and his yellow mustache, of some length, seemed to occupy much of his attention, for one of his bejeweled hands was constantly employed in twirling it, whereas the other was often busied in turning the leaves of the book which rested on the lady's lap. I noted that the eyes of these two persons often met, and although they rarely spoke, I thought once that I beheld her hand press his, as he presented her with her fan, which she had dropped, and he picked up from the floor.

My countryman perceiving me to observe this pair with interest, hastened to inform me who they were. "That is Princess Sabilla Frangipani, the wife of Charles Ladislav, last prince of that illustrious name. The young man, who is now whispering to her, is the Count Zarsinsky, a Polish nobleman of some account. They say he is her Excellency's lover, and that the prince is so furiously jealous, he never allows her out of his sight."

"But," I remarked, "he is not with her to-night." "He is sure not to be far off, though," and on looking round, my compatriot fixed his eyes upon a tall, pale, and handsome gentleman, who occupied a box on the third tier, directly opposite the princess. Then I perceived that my friend was correct in his observation, for never once did the gaze of the prince quit his wife, who appeared unconscious of his presence. The watch kept by this gentleman upon the movements of his wife resembled that of a cat studying the motions of its intended prey, so feline and treacherous was his expression.

The Princess Frangipani, upon the conclusion of the performance, rose instantly, and left the theatre, accompanied by her cavalier. I, after saluting my compatriot, also hastened out, in the hopes of once more beholding this lady who had so greatly excited my admiration and curiosity. The door of the theatre was incumbered with servants, running footmen, and chair-bearers, with flambeaux and sedans.* There was also, of course, a great crowd of ladies and gentlemen seeking their various vehicles. The chairmen shouted at the top of their voices the names of the sedans: "La sedia di Casa Borghese!" (the chair of the Borghese Palace); "La sedia di Casa Doria!" (that of the Doria prince); and so forth, through half the illustrious names of Rome, native and foreign. At last the cry was: "La sedia di Casa Frangipani!" Four stout valets, clad in the liveries of that noble family, bore the ponderous vehicle between them. It was a mighty construction, very much gilded, and having the four poles at its top adorned with white plumes. The princess entered, and, after adjusting her mask, stretched out the tips of her fingers to the Polish cavalier, bowed, and withdrew into the shade. Just as the men were about to put the vehicle in motion, the prince appeared. A look of surprise crossed her Excellency's features as she welcomed him, and with her own hand admitted him by undoing the door-button herself. Then the four valets hoisted the sedan, and the four footmen ran on, with flaming torches, two before and two behind, shouting:

"Largo Principe!"—"Way for the prince!"

I determined to follow them to their destination. We went down the narrow and dark streets of Rome, for, where the moon penetrated not, all was darkness, save for the chance lights thrown across the road from some wayside shrine.

"Largo Principe!" shouted the servants.

"Largo Principe!" cried out those of another princely sedan, and then the two chairs would stop, and a quaint interchange of courtesies for precedence take place, and on they went again in their several directions down the echoing and solitary streets of Rome.

At length our little group reached the Palazzo, or Casa Frangipani, which is situated in a lonely and deserted part of the city, near the Ghetto, and opposite the ill-famed Palazzo Cenci. I saw the princess alight, and, escorted by the prince, enter the palace. Then the servants put away the sedan in the vast *corioli* and shut the great door. In a little time lights flickered in the different windows, disappeared, and soon the huge edifice was wrapt in darkness.

I remained, lost in thought, by a statue which adorns the centre of the Piazza, when my attention was attracted by the appearance of a figure creeping stealthily along by the side of the palace. I stood motionless, watching the movements of this man, who wore a slouched hat and, I think, a mask. Presently he reached the little garden-door, at the side of the palace, and there stationed himself, as if listening for a signal. Half-past eleven struck from the tower of the Church of San Tommaso de' Cenci hard by. Then twelve, and as the last beat of midnight sounded, a noise like a whistle was heard, not only loud, but thrice repeated. The man moved, and the gate opened to receive him. It closed after him. Then I thought I heard a shriek, then a thud, like the falling of a human body down-steps, and again all was silent as the grave. Was it my imagination which had played me false? I knew not; but I did within a few hours. I listened—silence everywhere—save the cry of the watchman from time to time calling the hours, and the hoot of a night-bird in some ruins behind the palace. Convinced that I was mistaken, I crossed to the opposite side of the square, and, following a street, went into the Corso. In ten minutes I was opposite the Colosseum and in the Forum. The moonlight illuminated admirably this famous spot. I went down to the wall, near the Arch of Titus, and rested myself. Not far away the three remaining columns of the Temple of Concord stood out like burnished silver in the clear light, whereas the beautiful Ionic portico of the basilica of Enlilus, thrown into deep shade at its base, caught the rays of the moon aslant their broken entablature, which fell thence on a solitary and broken pillar, that appeared like a thin

vapor hanging midway in the air, scarcely visible. By the Temple of Faustina, the three dark cavernous arches of that of Peace looked as the entrances to some witches' cave, wherein they held their sabbath. Innumerable night-birds hovered around them, and awoke the echoes with their shrill and dismal cries. The tiny fane of Venus: the *meta sudans* and the remains of Nero's Golden Houses, amid the trees, seemed to be built of silver, overshadowed by the argentine leaves of the quivering aspens.

Dim, shadowy, indistinct, overpowering in its imposing magnificence, circled the stupendous amphitheatre of Diocletian, bathed in a flood of moonbeams. Its tiers of huge columns, its prodigious masonry-work, its colossal but graceful proportions, all distinctly visible, looking for all the world like the fabulous creation of some magician, wrought half in ebony and half in silver. Through the chinks and crevices poured the brilliant rays of the full moon, casting black shadows about, but also diffusing soft and gentle twilight through the long vistas of the arcades.

I rose and bent my steps toward the Colosseum, entered and mounted a narrow flight of stone steps. Soon I found a spot where I could command a full view of the entire interior of the edifice, which lay spread out beneath me in so soft, so indefinite a lustre, half shadow, half light, so hazy and mysterious, that to me it appeared rather like a reflection in the bosom of some enchanted lake than any earthly reality. I sat thinking, calling up in my mind all the wonderful spectacles witnessed by these historic and sacred walls. I imagined it filled with the people of the past. Lo! a motley crowd of phantoms thronged the seats; matrons and virgins, and priests and soldiers, lictors and gladiators, Caesar himself, and the wild and panting beasts. All were there, distinctly visible to my fancy. Only shadows, creations of a moment which presently faded away, leaving the huge blood-stained arena more dreary and more desolate than ever. All the seats empty and crumbling to dust—all deserted, solitary in the great, wandering, sad moonbeams, the deep shadows and decaying walls. Far away through the rents in the masonry I could see the golden cross of St. Peter's Church, glittering high up in the sky—higher far than was ever raised any trophy of paganism. His word has prevailed, and within these walls, amid the hideous yell of an infuriated mob and the brutal shouts of a ferocious people, never more will the hunted Christian's soul wing its flight through the bloody portals of a martyr's death—to Life.

Whilst I was thus meditating upon the past of this unique ruin, I had not noticed the entry of three persons into the arena below, but whose shadows now mingled grotesquely with their figures and that of the huge cross which stands in the centre of the amphitheatre. Judging that they were persons like myself, bent upon enjoying the beauty of the night, I descended toward them, with the intention of inquiring of them my way home. As I entered the lower arena, one of them, seeing me, cried out, "Is that you?" I answered, "Ay, stop a minute," and hurried forward. What was my surprise to find myself suddenly seized from behind by his two companions, blindfolded and pinioned, before I could even utter a cry or strike a blow in my own defense!

"One word, *padre*, and you die. *Cervanti*."

I felt myself carried in their arms and placed in a carriage. In half an hour, passed in a state of the most horrible anxiety and fear imaginable, the ponderous old Roman vehicle stopped. Two men helped me down and carried me up a long flight of stairs. Then we traversed a garden, which I recognized by the strong scent of flowers. Again we mounted stairs, again we crossed a long suit of chambers. So vast did the place appear to me, that I began to believe in the stories related of the mysteries of the Inquisition, and to think I was within its palace. Suddenly we stopped. I was put down, unbound, and the kerchief which covered my face loosened.

I was standing, I found, opposite the door of a chamber, and presently the latter was opened and I was thrust into a huge apartment, but very dimly lighted. This saloon was thickly carpeted, and its walls were hung with figured tapestry. A great four-posted bedstead of ancient form, draped with crimson curtains of rich silk damask, and ornamented with plumes, cast an ominous and weird shadow on the wall. The pillars and plumes danced to and fro in the flickering light, seeming evil spirits hovering around. A tall Florentine candelabra burnt before an ivory crucifix and was the sole light which illumined the chamber.

When my sight became somewhat accustomed to the uncertain light, which just rendered the darkness visible, I could scarcely credit my senses; a thrill of horror absolutely froze my blood. There, stretched upon the bed, lay the corpse of the same young man I had noticed during the early part of the evening at the theatre. His throat was cut from ear to ear, and his eyes, which were half open, seemed to fix themselves upon me with an expression of recognition too horrible to describe. The body still wore the evening dress of delicately tinted satin and velvet, and it had evidently been thrown on the bed after death, for now I perceived the carpets were in places wet and discolored.

I was roused by a voice of thunder shouting out with a horrible oath:

"You've brought the wrong man, you fools; he's not the priest."

He who had thus spoken was a tall, commanding-looking man, and stood by the table in the centre of the room; his features were hidden by a black velvet mask. At his feet knelt, or better, crouched, a woman covered with a black veil. Even beneath its heavy folds I recognized the Princess Frangipani. She held to her lips a little coral toy, such as babies play with, and kissed it frequently with passion.

"Ladislav! Carlo! let me see my little one once more—only once! My little child Carlo! Have pity upon me! You may kill me then, and I'll not move, or scream, or say a word, only blessing on you and on her. Let me see her once more, Carlo—only once—only once more!" she cried in broken accents, and in a voice which would have moved the heart of a Scythian.

"Peace, you fool—peace! If you utter again your child's name, I'll send you, Sabilla, where you'll go soon enough to join your fair-haired devil in the bed there. We shall three of us meet there, and for ever and ever. Sabilla, do you know that I have loved you more than all else on earth or heaven—and now, now, now! Look at him well. Very handsome, is he not? In hell, by-and-by, you can play with his matted curls for all eternity. Curse him! he has ruined my life, my honor, and your own."

"Carlo, I am not worthy to speak to you or to live. But for all my guilt, I'm a mother. I must see her. I must once more lay my sinful head upon her couch, and pray there for at least the mercy of heaven. I know there is none for me on earth."

"You shall never see her again—never and never. Why, you would pollute her with your foul breath. Say your prayers—try and say your prayers—for you have not long to live. You shall have, Signora Principessa, a princely funeral, and all honors due to your rank—nay, a monument, with your many virtues inscribed thereon in letters of gold, if you will. I thought that was the priest who had come to

shrive you. It's a mistake, I see. You'll have to die without confession. Say your prayers, Sabilla, if you can—say your prayers."

The wretched lady cast herself on the ground, kissing the little coral in an agony of remorse and grief.

Suddenly the mask advanced toward me, and said, with a menacing gesture:

"Who are you? You are not the priest. Who are you, I say?"

The two men seized me again—they were also in the chamber—and bared my breast, whilst they held their naked daggers so close to my heart that they grazed the skin.

There was a dead silence in the chamber. The princess went on kissing the little coral, piteously moaning all the while to herself. The shadows on the wall danced to and fro, like fiends, sometimes coming right down on the bed, upon the corpse of the murdered man, gambolling about it like currier monsters. The tapers flickered over the stern face of Christ in agony on the great crucifix. The clock tick-ticked. My eyes wandered in terror from the man in the mask to the corpse upon the bed. My heart beat tumultuously, so that my heaving chest was actually scratched by the sharp weapons which the bravos held in readiness to strike. There seemed no hope; resistance was vain, and death stared me in the face.

"Who are you?" cried the man of the black mask.

"A Frenchman, and a painter."

"What are you doing here?"

"I lost my way this night, and strolled into the Colosseum, where, seeing these gentlemen, I made bold to ask them my way home. They seized me and brought me here."

"How long have you been in Rome?"

"Three days, sir."

"I see there has been a mistake. I had ordered a priest to meet these persons in the arena, so that he might absolve this—," and he pointed contemptuously, with a look of intense hatred, toward the princess. "I do not wish to commit a crime. What I do here is an act of justice. If you are prepared to swear by your honor, by your mother's soul, never to divulge what you have witnessed this night, and to quit Rome for ever to-morrow, you may go free. But mark me, young man, should you venture to disobey me, your life is valueless. Will you take this oath?"

"I will!"

The man in the black mask then unfastened the crucifix, and, taking me by the hand, placed my left hand on the body of the young man, and the right on the wound in the Saviour's side. "Swear!" he said. I took the oath. Presently I was blindfolded and led away as I came, but in the direction of the Pantheon, near which I dwelt, instead of that of the Colosseum.

The next morning I informed Poussin of sufficient part of my adventure—without, however, breaking my oath—to induce him to persuade me to leave Rome instantly and go to Florence, in which city I finished my artistic studies.

Some weeks afterward a priest, who was kind enough to bring me some packages I had left in Rome, told me of the grand requiem celebrated for the sillage of the Princess Sabilla Frangipani. "She died," they said, "of heart-disease, and her face and neck were so discolored, that, contrary to custom, they were not exposed during the lying-in-state."

Years afterward Charles Ladislav, Prince Frangipani, died, and ere his death wrote out a confession of his crime, to be published three years after his decease. He perished in an awful manner. It was a very cold Winter, and he sat near the great wood-fire. Being seized with a shuddering fit—he was, his servant said, much given to such attacks after her Excellency's death—he fell from his seat into the burning embers, and perished miserably in that same room in which he had committed his awful crime. His death released me from my oath, and therefore have I related my adventure in Casa Frangipani.

REMARKS ON THE BRAIN.

"THE brain," says an author, "whether regarded as to its structure or its functions, is a peculiarly interesting organ. It is one of the great centres of the nervous system, and might be termed the workshop of the mind. As the stomach is called the organ of digestion, the lungs of respiration, and the muscles of motion, so the brain has been called the organ of intelligence. Whether the mind be regarded as a single entity, distinct from the body, or as simply the result of changes in the cerebral nervous substance, the brain is the part of the organism through which it acts. In it are all the mental processes conducted, and through it all manifestations of intelligence take place. It is the receptacle of sensations, the laboratory of thoughts, the source of volitions, the storehouse of memory, and the seat of consciousness and perception."

"The average weight of the male brain is about 50 oz., that of the female about 44 oz. In males, the weight ranges from 42 to 60 oz., and in females, from 39 to 47 oz. In exceptional cases, like Cuvier's and others, the weight has reached 65 oz. The mean difference between the male and female brain is about 5 oz. In idiots, the brain is very small. In them it has been found to weigh from about 25 to as low as 10 oz., the latter weight occurring in a woman 42 years of age. The smallest brain on record was found in an idiot boy 2 years old, its weight being only 8½ oz."

"The brain bears a general proportion to the weight of the body, and in a perfectly healthy state the ratio is about 1 to 41. This fact probably explains the difference in weight between the male and female brain; for in 81 males it was found that the proportion of the brain to the body was as 1 to 36.50, and in 82 females the ratio was almost the same, viz., as 1 to 36.45."

"The weight of the brain varies in the different races, and the variation seems to be in harmony with the stature and weight of the body."

"It is assumed that the cubical capacity of the cranium is a pretty fair indication of the size of the brain. Now, on trial, it is found that the skull in the Caucasian measures, on an average, about 80 cubic inches; in the able-bodied negro, about 70 cubic inches, and in the smaller Bush tribes, about 60 cubic inches. It is also found that in the Hindoos, a race of diminutive stature, but very fine organization, the cubical capacity of the skull is as low as 57 cubic inches."

"The only animals in which the brain is absolutely larger than in man are the whale and the elephant. In the former it weighs about 5 lbs., and in the latter from 8 to 10 lbs. The brain of the elephant is larger than that of any known animal."

"The brain grows rapidly up to the 7th year, and at the 8th year has reached nearly its full size. After the 8th year, however, there is a slight increase up to the 20th year, and a very slow increase even up to the 40th year. From the 40th to the 50th year it is stationary. After the 50th year, there is a slow diminution in weight, at the rate, it is said, of nearly an ounce for every decade."

* It took the late Cardinal Wiseman, in 1816, two months and three days to reach Rome from Havre.

† Teatro de' Apollo, the old theatre in Rome, and formerly Teatro di Diana.

‡ Nor were they, until the reign of Leo XI., toward the middle of the present century.

* Chairs were universally used in Italy during the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries. See old prints, especially Piranesi's views of Rome; and Canaletto's, of Venice, Verona, etc.

"The brain is furnished with a very large supply of blood in proportion to its size, for, while it is only about one-fortieth of the weight of the body, it receives nearly one-fifth of the whole weight of the blood."

GENERAL GEORGE W. MORGAN, OF OHIO.

GEORGE W. MORGAN, of Mount Vernon, Ohio, was born at Washington, Pennsylvania, September 20th, 1820. He left college in 1836, and joined a company commanded by his brother, and, as a private soldier, went to assist Texas in the war for her independence. In this service his gallant conduct soon gained for him the rank of Captain. In 1843 he settled in Mount Vernon, Ohio, and went to the bar. He commanded the Second Ohio Volunteers in the Mexican War until the expiration of its term of service under General Taylor. He was appointed Colonel of the new Fifteenth Infantry in the Winter of 1847, and commanded it under General Scott until the end of the war. His services and gallantry at the battles of Contreras and Churubusco obtained for him the brevet of Brigadier-General in the Regular Army. In 1855 he received his appointment as United States Consul at Marseilles, and in 1858 was sent as Resident Minister to Lisbon.

When the Rebellion broke out, he commanded the Seventh Division of the Army of the Ohio, and was at Vicksburg. He was assigned to the Thirtieth Army Corps, and commanded the operations against Fort Hindman, which he took. He was compelled, by ill-health, to leave the army in 1863.

He was the unsuccessful candidate for Governor of Ohio in 1865, and, the following year, claimed to have been elected to Congress for Ohio, but was unelected in favor of Columbus Delano. He was elected next time, however, and re-elected to a second term. He was not a candidate at the last election.

BOLOGNA.

A WRITER in *Notes and Queries*, of the 8th of April says: "Bologna (the City of Arcades) is most undeservedly neglected by travelers and strangers. The city, when I first knew it, had just emerged from the Pope's jurisdiction, and was certainly not a very desirable abode. It was extremely dirty; the long arcades were dimly lighted by oil-lamps hanging from chains; gas was unknown; there was no police; robberies and assassinations were frequent, and the environs were infested by brigands. The 'Sub-Alpine' Government has certainly changed Bologna, both in a moral and sanitary point of view. The city has been well lighted, paved and drained. Old streets have given place to elegant houses and shops; and, as regards personal security, there is no safer residence in Italy. To the antiquary Bologna will be found most interesting. Its two leaning towers are curious, though very ugly objects. The cathedral is an unfinished modern edifice, and not worth the trouble of a visit. But a short distance from it is the fine old church in the grand square, with its curious gnomon, and the very old round church, said to have been erected by the Templars, and which in its general features resembles the churches of Little Mapstead, Essex, and the Temple Church, London. The round church of Bologna is more curious than the English churches, and of earlier and ruder architecture. Bologna's Campo Santo is one of the finest in Italy. Its long aisles, with their white marble monuments, and splendid sculpture and statuary, make the spot more like an artistic gallery than a place of sepulture. As these observations are intended for strangers, I will merely say, in conclusion, that the hotels are very good." The above judicious remarks might be extended. There are now many other old churches that will repay a visit. Bologna, too, is one of the merriest of cities. The street life of the Italians is nowhere seen to greater advantage. At midday the great square is a lovely spectacle, with all sorts of fun going on, from itinerant conjurers, ballad-singers, cheap-jacks and managers of puppet-shows. But to tell everything would be to fill our columns, so all we say is to recommend that the good advice of *Notes and Queries* should be taken, and that our readers should form their own opinions of the "City of Arcades." A calculation has been made that there are fifty English miles of arcades in Bologna!

THE FIRST RINGS.

"CONCLUSIVE evidence is not attainable," remarks a recent writer, "when rings were first used." But one fact is plain—they are of great antiquity, were always worn as tokens of trust, insignia of command, pledges of faith and alliance, and, equally strange, as marks of servitude. The religious system of Zoroaster is exceedingly ancient; and in some of the old sculptures of that sect, images hold a ring, indicative of omnipotence and power. And to this day the Persians, Hindoos, and all the Eastern nations attach great significance to the ring. The Egyptians were particularly fond of this ornament. There are specimens in the museum of the Louvre. Some date as far back as the reign of Moris. At the British Museum there is an exceedingly fine specimen. This is a ring of the finest gold, of the Ptolemaic or Roman period, with figures of Serapis, Isis, and Horus. The same collection has also others of a similar metal, set with the scarabæus or sacred beetle. Others have the names of Thothmes III. and Rameses III. The most ancient ring in existence is that formerly worn by Cheops, the builder of the great pyramid, found in a tomb in the vicinity of that monument, of the finest gold, with hieroglyphics. Sundry passages of holy writ prove the antiquity of rings. When Pharaoh confided the charge of all Egypt to Joseph, he took the ring from his finger and committed it to him, as a symbol of command. Ahasuerus did in like manner to his favorite, Haman, and subsequently to Mordecai. The impression of the monarch's ring had the force of a command. "Write ye also for the Jews, as it liketh you; for the writing which is written in the king's name, and sealed with the king's ring, may no man reverse." Rings among the favored people, when used as seals, were called "taboath," the name of a root, signifying to imprint, and also to seal. They were commonly worn on the little finger of the right hand.

SOMEONE has been summing up the fate of kings and emperors, as follows: Out of two thousand five hundred and forty emperors or kings over sixty-four nations, two hundred and ninety-nine were dethroned, sixty-four abdicated, twenty committed suicide, eleven went mad, one hundred died on the battle-field, one hundred and twenty-three were made prisoners, twenty-five were pronounced martyrs and saints, one hundred and fifty-one were assassinated, sixty-two were poisoned, and one hundred and eight were sentenced to death. Total, nine hundred and sixty-three.

GAMBLING IN THE EAST.

IN the East, gambling is a universal practice. All classes delight in it, from the king on his throne to the wretched beggar that prowls about the gates of the noble to find a scanty support. So passionately devoted to this despicable vice are many Orientals, that, when they have bartered off everything else they possess, rather than desist, they will sell their wives and children into slavery, and even pawn their own bodies to get money to gamble with.

Licensed gaming-houses are found in all Eastern cities, and most Oriental monarchs derive large revenues from this source. Sometimes dice are used, and occasionally small cowries (shells); but cards are most general. The common people, male and female, frequent the public saloons, which are often the theatres of the most heart-rending tragedies. The gambling of the higher classes is done in their own homes; and they never fail to invite, and even importune, their visitors to partake of the sport, while they often boast of the large sums they have lost or won among their friends. But, though husbands and fathers deem it right thus to employ their own time, their wives and daughters are strictly ordered to avoid all such practices, lest the well-filled purse of *paterfamilias* should suffer detriment.

During the reign of the old usurper who sat upon the throne at the time of the writer's first visit to Siam, it was one day reported to his majesty that some scores of his six hundred wives had been indulging in the great sin of gambling. The fair culprits, being summoned to the royal presence, made full confession of their guilt, but pleaded *enui* as excuse, and prayed his majesty's forgiveness on the ground that they had lost only 20,000 ticals (\$15,000), which they argued was "but a drop in the ocean, compared with the boundless resources of his serene, infallible majesty." The covetous old king, who loved money better than anything else in the world (the fair culprits themselves not excepted), had no sooner heard the sum of 20,000 ticals mentioned, than, losing the small modicum of patience with which nature had endowed him, he summoned to his presence several high officers of the palace, and ordered them to inflict, in his name, "the fatherly discipline of thirty stripes on the soles of the feet of each of the offending ladies, to preserve them in future from the degrading vice of gambling."

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Orphans of the Pope in the Pinco.

Rome—that is, old Rome—is rapidly disappearing. In a few years Rome will no longer be Rome. Every day hastens the end, and alters or effaces some of its peculiar characteristics or landmarks, so dear to poets, painters and tourists. All those who have visited Rome must have been struck with the truly picturesque effect of the students, clad in red velvet, black or white cassocks, mingling with the passers-by, and walking noiselessly along. Some of these lads are destined, from that fact, for the ecclesiastical state. Their studies ended, each one is at liberty to choose for himself a profession to his liking, and enters the world a free man. The red-cassocked students are Germans, and the violet, English. The blacks belong to no particular nation; but the whites are Italians—orphans gathered, supported and educated through the charity of the Pope, in a large building contiguous to the Church of Santa Maria in Aguiri, not far from Monte Citorio. From this fact they obtained their name of "Orphans of the Pope." Now the city has seized upon the orphanage, by virtue of a new municipal law, and has decided that the students shall put aside the cassock, and wear a lay garment conformable to the customs and tastes of the day; that is to say, a becoming and interesting costume, somewhat like the lycæum uniforms of France. The turn of the red, violet and black cassock will soon come, doubtless, but the authorities have left them alone as yet. The illustration which we publish represents the orphans taking a slight recreation. The buildings comprise the quarters of the Villa Medici, called San Gaetano.

Sir Bartle Frere's Visit to the Sultan of Zanzibar.

Our picture represents the English Envoy's first visit to the Sultan. Its object was to present the Queen's and other letters to His Highness. Sir Bartle Frere was accompanied by the members of the Mission, by all the officers of the British fleet, and by several American officers. Every one was attired in full uniform or court dress. The procession started on foot, and were met by the Sultan outside his palace, a salvo of artillery having been previously fired. He shook hands with the visitors, and invited them into the audience-hall, a plain chamber, entirely without ornament. The Sultan received the letters with respect, but did not open them at the time, handing them over to his Minister. Some conversation followed, accompanied by drinking of coffee and sherbert, pocket-handkerchiefs were sprinkled with otto of roses, and then, after more handshaking, the Envoy took his departure.

The Queen's Visit to the East of London.

Queen Victoria, with Princess Beatrice, drove from Buckingham Palace in an open carriage and four, attended by the Countess of Caledon and Lady Churchill, two of her ladies of the bedchamber. They were followed in another carriage by Lady Caroline Barrington, the Hon. H. Phipps, Lord Wrottesley, and the Hon. E. Cathcart, while Colonel Du Plat and Colonel Ponsonby, equestrians in waiting, rode beside the Queen's carriage; but there was no military escort. The route was along Pall Mall, up Regent Street and Portland Place, along Marylebone Road and Euston Road to King's Cross, and up Pentonville Hill to the Angel at Islington; beyond which point along Upper Street, Essex Road, Ball's Pond Road, through Dalston and Hackney, crowds of people lined both sides of the entire way. Gay lines of streamers were laid overhead from house to house across Islington Green. The Dalston and Hackney stations of the North London Railway, the Hackney Townhall, and the shops and houses of that suburb were decorated with pleasing effect. At the Townhall, especially, there were Venetian masts bearing flags, and a balcony erected over the portico was filled with ladies waving their scarfs and handkerchiefs in sign of welcome. The Queen halted and received a bouquet from Miss Ellis, daughter of the Vestry Clerk. The people here sang the National Anthem, to the music of a volunteer band. The ground was strewn with yellow sand along Mare Street and King Edward's Road to Agnes Terrace, where the Park Preservation Society had made a temporary entrance to Victoria Park. A triple arch of triumph was here erected, but so deep as to resemble a long marquee in three compartments, open at both ends. It was handsomely fitted up in scarlet and gold, and decked with sheaves of flags, shields, and other decorations. Here was a park several companies of the Grenadier Guards were posted. An escort of the 1st Life Guards was in waiting at the end of the marquee to accompany Her Majesty round Victoria Park, whither she was going.

Reception to the Duc d'Aumale at the French Academy, Paris.

Thursday, April 3d, was the date of the reception of the Duc d'Aumale at the French Academy, Paris.

There has not been such a considerable assemblage in the halls of that famous and time-honored institution, both in point of numbers and rank, for a long time. The occasion was one of great interest, and the ceremony, which was very curious, was also very interesting. A great-grandson of Louis XIII., the Duc d'Aumale has been given a seat in the Academy founded by Richelieu; the son of Louis Philippe has sounded the praises of one of the most eloquent adversaries of his and his father's politics; and a prince of the house of Bourbon has had for his godfather the President of the French Republic. Since 1804 the public sittings of the Institute of the French Academy have been held in the ancient church of the College of the Four Nations, created by Cardinal Mazarin. Since 1860 the Academy has had possession of the entire College. At one o'clock the princes and princesses of the House of Orleans made their appearance. Soon after, the official *cortège* came, in the following order: M. Guizot first, followed by the Duc d'Aumale, accompanied by M. Thiers. All three wore the Cross of the Legion of Honor, and a star upon a habit embroidered with green palm-leaves, and carried a sword at their sides. The guest of the occasion, being a General of Division, wore a sword-knot. M. Cuvillier-Fleury, Director; M. Legouvé, Chancellor; and M. Patin, Perpetual Secretary, took their places at the desk. The Duc d'Aumale, in a loud, resonant voice, read a patriotic discourse, which one of his academic colleagues characterized as "a discourse written in good French, by a good Frenchman." The response of M. Cuvillier-Fleury was replete with courtesy, elegance and refinement.

Visiting Carlist Prisoners in Spain.

This engraving represents some captured Carlists who had been transferred to the military prison of San Francisco, in Madrid. Their relatives, their friends, and their partisans, come for the purpose of bringing them food and money, at the same time inspiring them with hope and consolation. The rank and file of the prisoners are in confinement, and are unable to see their friends, except through the bars which guard the windows, but the chiefs are allowed liberty of movement, and stroll about in the courts and corridors of the prison, visiting each other as well as receiving their friends from without. Our sketch depicts the scene in the little court of the prison. These Carlists were captured during an engagement which took place early last month, when some dozen were killed, and upward of a hundred made prisoners. They are from the districts of Guadalajara and Madrid. Two of the chiefs, General Castillo and Alonzo, his second in command, were wounded. The volunteers conveyed them to Madrid. The partisans of Carlistism in that city have shown great sympathy for the prisoners, visiting them assiduously, and providing them with food, money and clothing. Admittance to the prison is easily obtained, and one has only to wait one's turn, in order to avoid crowding.

Carlists Landing Arms on the Coast of the Isle of Birds.

Our illustration represents a band of Carlists landing arms on the Isle of Birds, in the Bay of Pajara, off the coast of the Basque Provinces of Spain. The scene was witnessed by a correspondent of the *Monde Illustré*. He had taken passage in a steamship from Santander, intending to return to France, and when he had been some time at sea, feeling indisposed, he went upon the bridge to get fresh air. When there, he witnessed a strange sight. The ship had come to anchor in the Bay of Pajara, and a number of fishing-smacks and rowboats were alongside, being loaded with stands of arms, which they ultimately conveyed to the Isle of Birds, which has become an *entrepôt* for Carlists in that section of country. The operation of disembarking the cases of arms was conducted with celerity and in silence.

SCIENTIFIC.

At a recent meeting of the French Academy, M. Jamin exhibited a magnet which he had constructed to carry upward of twenty-two times its own weight; it weighs 2 kilograms and carries 45. Hitherto the greatest carrying power attained in artificial magnets has been from four to five times their own weight. M. Jamin has obtained this unprecedented result by substituting for the very thick plates hitherto employed a sufficient number of very thin plates superposed on each other, and all thoroughly magnetized. One result of this achievement will be that the volume and weight of magneto-electric machines can now be diminished to a very great extent.

The Geographical Society of St. Petersburg has lately undertaken a new exploration of Russian territory in addition to those already carried on under its auspices. The plan consists in a minute exploration, under the leadership of M. Tschekanowsky, of the area between the lower affluents of the Yenisei and the Lena, embracing the basin of the River Olenek, which represents an important deficiency in the known portion of Eastern Siberia. Two years will be occupied in the exploration. During the first expedition will descend the Lower Tunguska, and will reach Irkutsk by the Yenisei. During the second year it expects to reach the sources of the Olenek by sledges, to descend that river to its mouth, and then cross over to the Lena, and return by this river to Irkutsk.

M. FELIX PLATEAU describes, in *Les Mondes*, an ingenious process, of his own invention, for drawing on paper white lines on a black ground—a method so frequently used for scientific illustrations—by means of which both author and artist will be able to judge of the effect of such an illustration before putting it into the hands of the engraver. A piece of thickish paper, as smooth as possible, a little larger than the intended illustration, is heated, say by laying it, with proper precautions against being injured, on the top of a stove, and a piece of bees-wax is rubbed over it until the paper is completely covered with a thin coating. A piece of glass, the size of the paper, is blackened by being held over a candle, and when thoroughly cooled it is laid on the waxed paper and rubbed firmly with the fingers, the result being that a blackened surface is produced on the paper, on which any design can be traced with a needle for the finer lines, or the back of a steel-pen for the thicker ones.

The invasion of France by the Germans has had a curious influence on the flora of the former country. A large number of foreign plants, chiefly from the South of Europe, the seeds of which were brought by the invading army along with forage, and by other means, have sprung up in the neighborhood of Paris, and established themselves either temporarily or permanently. Two French botanists have published a "Florula Obsidionalis," or flora of the two sieges, including 190 species hitherto unknown to the district. Nearly the whole of them belong to families of plants employed for forage or other commissariat purposes, 58 being species of the leguminosæ, or pea and clover tribe, 34 composite, and 32 grasses, the remaining 66 belonging to other orders. The greater number of the plants were found on the left bank of the Seine, though several were met with at Neuilly, the Bois de Boulogne, and Ranelagh, on the right bank; beyond the line of German investment scarcely any were found. The majority of these denizens will probably disappear in one or two seasons, while others will, no doubt, stand their ground long after the soil of France has been purged from its human invaders. The Paris flora at present includes at least one plant which was introduced by the Russians in 1815.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

BYRON died just 49 years ago.

SHAKESPEARE was born 309 years ago.

THE picnic season has opened in San Francisco.

PHILADELPHIA has raised a fund of \$15 for Rev. Mr. Ancient.

THE Sultan of Turkey is trying to introduce the stove pipe hat.

EX-MAYOR VERRY, of Springfield, Mass., is not dead, as reported.

JOHN BRIGHT's brother, Samuel, died lately at Geneva, Switzerland.

QUEBEC complains feelingly of a great scarcity of small change.

GENERAL GILLEM, now looking after the Matoes, is a native of Tennessee.

MR. ANONYMOUS has sent \$25,000 to the Massachusetts School of Technology.

A GEORGIA judge fined four lawyers \$5 each for laughing in court, the other day.

McKEE RANKINE, the actor, has been adjudged a bankrupt in an Illinois Court.

THE Marchioness de Boissy (Guiccioli) has left a fortune of about \$250,000 a year.

EX-SENATOR PATTERSON has returned to New Hampshire with his wife and son.

THEY kicked a man out of a Boston reading-room because he mutilated the papers.

EX-CHIEF JUSTICE JOHN H. HOWE, of Wyoming Territory, died recently in Texas.

On the evening of April 12th there were three shocks of earthquake in San Francisco.

AGASSIZ will complete his 66th year on May 28th. He has been in this country since 1846.

A WOMAN has been lecturing in Salem, Mass., on "The Man, Lady and Land Question."

A MAN in Dunleith, Ill., who cut off a colt's ears with his jackknife, was fined \$5 and costs.

It is expected that the collections at the port of Chicago this year will amount to \$3,000,000.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., is said to have increased nearly \$17,000,000 in valuation during the past three years.

ALEXANDER CLARK, a colored orator residing in Iowa, has been appointed Consul to Aux Cayes, Hayti.

EASTERN papers complain sorely of the gambling openly carried on in the smoking-cars on the railroads.

OVER 700 applications for pardon for State Prison convicts have already been made to Governor Hartranft.

It is said that the Sultan of Turkey declines the proposed conference for an increase of dues on the Suez Canal.

DON IGNACIO CASTOR, who fought at New Orleans under General Jackson, died last week in Texas, at the age of 95.

A STEUBEN COUNTY man dunned a little orphan girl for nine cents which her mother owed him when she died.

A MICHIGAN man says he has discovered how to temper steel and even cast-iron, so that it will cut glass like a diamond.

THE United States is the only nation with a coin known as the eagle. No coin of the same value is in existence elsewhere.

MR. GEORGE P. ROWELL, of the firm of George P. Rowell & Co., sailed for Europe on the 26th ult., in the *Parthia*.

THE ship *Murillo*, which occasioned the *Northfleet* disaster, is under arrest at Cadiz, and the investigation is progressing.

JOHN P. SMITH, at one time a noted Beau Brummel in Washington, is cracking stones in a French jail for certain indiscretions.

SOME wags placed a Red Republican cap on the head of the marble statue of Dante at Naples. The police removed it in the morning.

DOUGLAS JERROLD said that the man never lived who could make 365 good jokes a year. One a week he thought a very good allowance.

A KENTUCKY man has carefully preserved for 20 years the bouquet Jenny Lind held in her hand at one of her concerts in Louisville.

OVERTURES have been made to Mr. Morphy to induce him to join in a grand chess tournament which it is proposed to hold at the Vienna Exposition.

EARL STANHOPE proposes that the Queen be asked to create an Order for those who have distinguished themselves in art, science and literature.

THE Rev. Charles Kingsley, canon of Chester, has been appointed to the canonry in Westminster Abbey, vacant by the death of the Rev. Evan Nepean.

THE Khédive is expected at Constantinople in the course of May. He will be accompanied by Princess Hussein Pasha, Toussoun Pasha and Ibrahim Pasha.

MR. J. C. PARKINSON, a well-known journalist, has lately followed the example of Mr. Trollope and Mr. Yates, and retired from the English Civil Service.

THE Rev. Mr. Ancient, of *Atlantic* fame, is a missionary of the Colonial Church Society at Terrence Bay. He is 6 feet high, 30 years old, and is idolized by his people.

GENERAL ROGER A. PRYOR will deliver the annual address before the Society of the Alumni of Hampden Sidney College, Virginia, at the coming commencement.

A BALTIMORE hotel is being supplied with exterior fire-escapes, consisting of iron spiral stairways running from the top story down in front of the hall windows, with a platform at each story.

ALEXANDER CHAFFERS, the London lawyer, whose trial some months ago for libeling Lady Travers Twiss had so strange a conclusion, has begun suit for perjury against Lady Twiss' servant-maid.

MAJOR SPARKS, of an Indiana town, says there is no city ordinance requiring him to cause places of business to be closed on the Sabbath, and that, "if the State wants her laws enforced, she must do it through her own officers."

THE last scion of the Hungarian house of the Counts of Gyulai has just died at Vienna. He was the son of Field Marshal Count Samuel Gyulai. His family have repeatedly achieved distinction in the annals of the Hapsburg monarchy.

A CORRESPONDENT of an Eastern paper recalls the fact that forty years ago, in Florida, at a peace conference, under a flag of truce, between the Indians and the white troops, the American commander was treacherously shot dead by Osceola, a Seminole chief, who died a lingering death in prison.



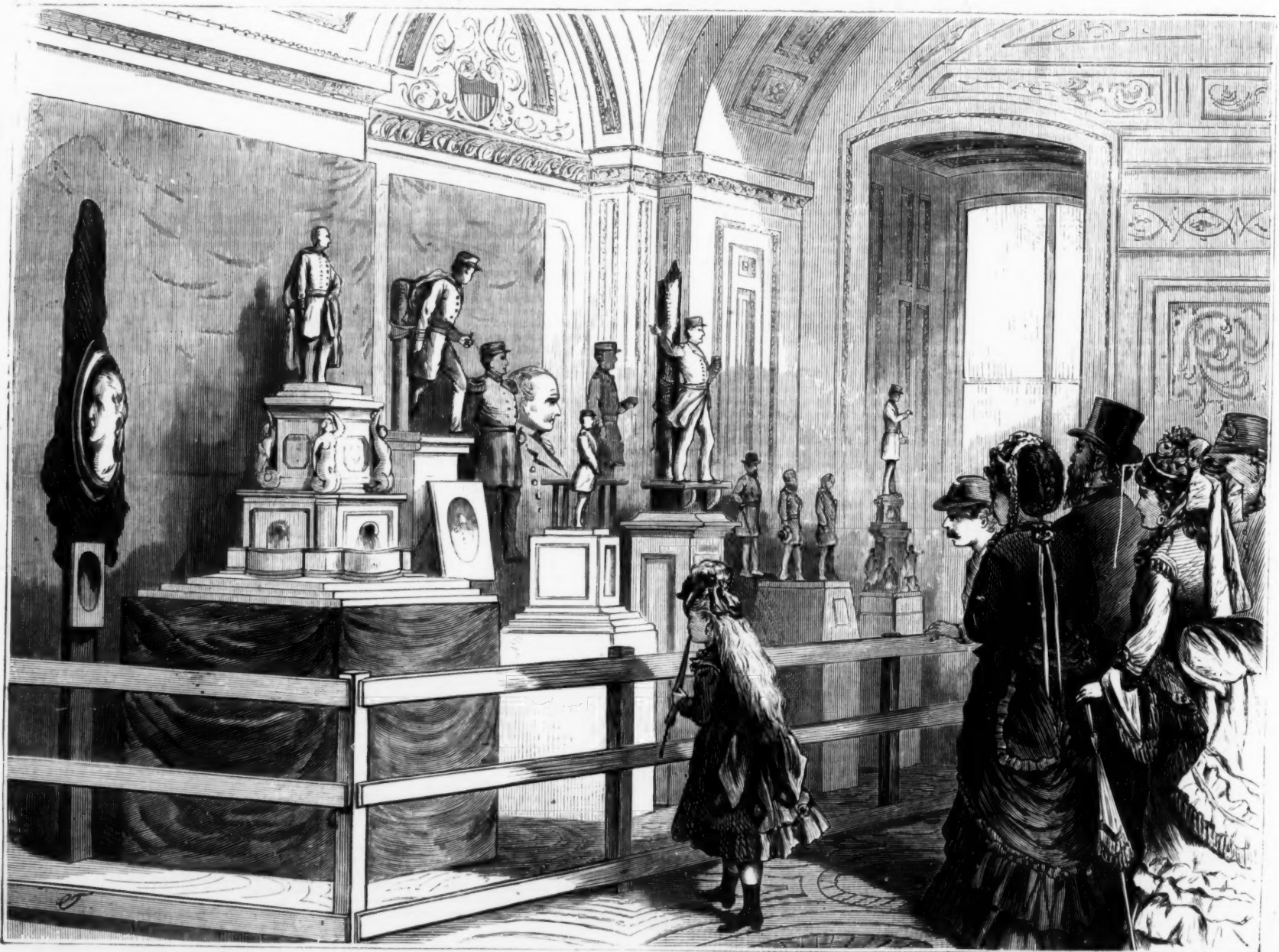
Wm. Mason.
Mr. Nelson Varley.

Carl Zerrahn.
Anton Rubinstein.
Miss A. L. Carey.

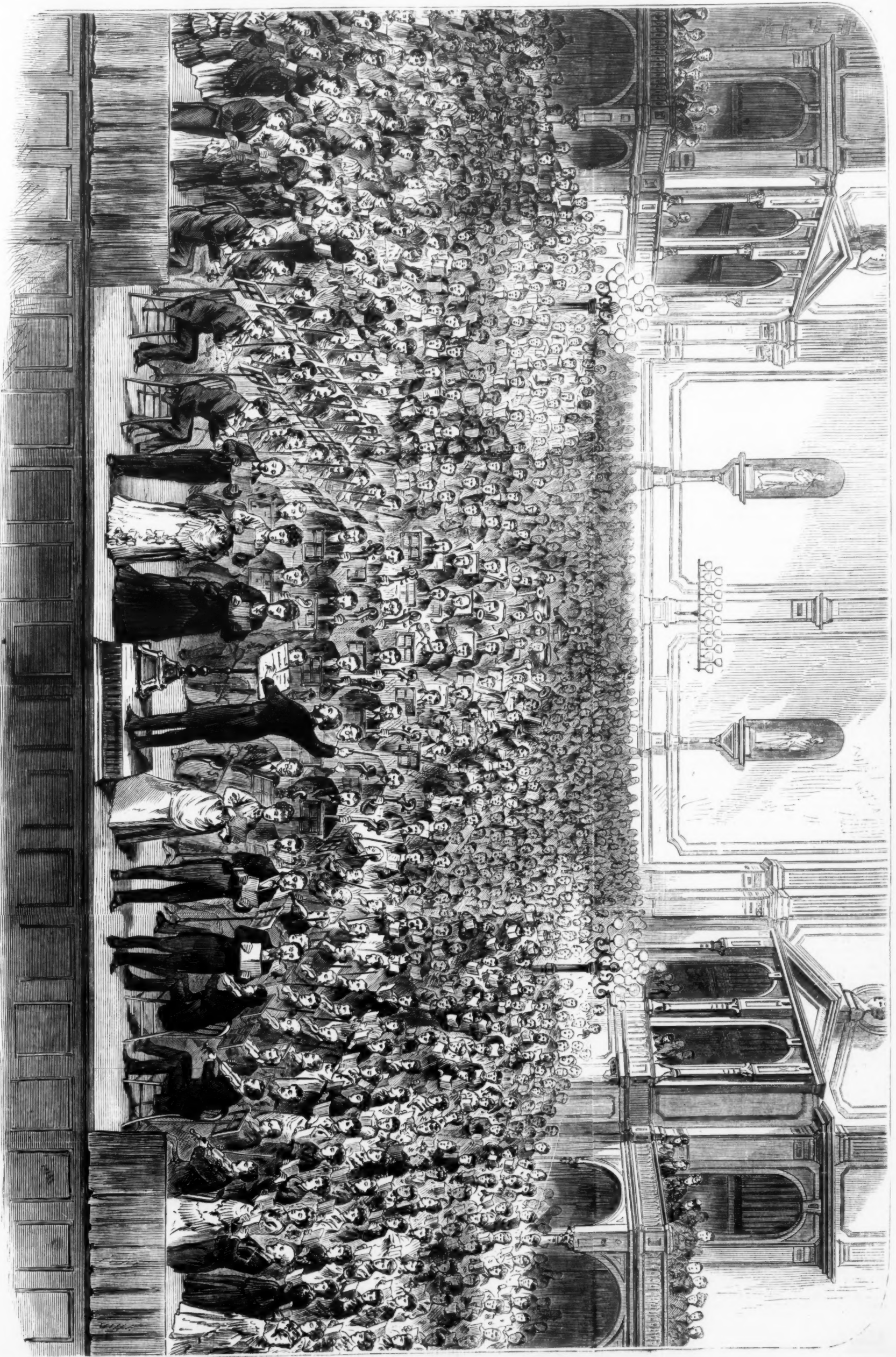
Theodore Thomas.
S. B. Mills.
Mrs. J. Houston West.

Henry Wieniawski.
Mr. M. W. Whitney.

NEW YORK CITY.—THE GREAT MUSICAL FESTIVAL AT STEINWAY HALL.—PORTRAITS OF THE PRINCIPAL SOLOISTS.—SEE PAGE 137.



WASHINGTON, D. C.—THE FARRAGUT MODELS ON EXHIBITION AT THE CAPITOL.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAMES E. TAYLOR.—SEE PAGE 143.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE GREAT MUSICAL FESTIVAL—THE FIRST GRAND PERFORMANCE OF THE BOSTON HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY AT STEINWAY HALL.—SEE PAGE 137.

NATIONAL MUSIC.

IN mansions built of the cold, gray bones
Of those who died from the want of bread,
The proud and the great and their joyous tones,
As their festal halls they so gayly tread.

Grim skulls are the lamps that hang around,
Filled with oil of the widow's silent tear,
And the floors that re-echo the wassail sound
Are made from the houseless wanderer's bier.

While the cup's red draught from the heart is trod,
A nation's sighs dim the jeweled rays
That flash on the breast of some titled clod
Who reels through the dance's giddy maze

But is not the music sad and wild?
It falls on the ear like a dying shriek;
The tenor's sung by a hungry child
With a scalding drop on her pallid cheek.

And the treble's sobbed by the decent poor
Who tried to conceal their hapless fate,
Till the landlord drove them to the door,
And bared to the world their wretched state.

And the alto's raved in a mother's prayer,
As she wildly clings to her starving boy,
While angels weep o'er the ragged pair
Who have never tasted a moment's joy.

And the bass is an old man's feeble groan,
Who toils here below with sighs and tears—
For a piece of a coarse brown loaf alone—
Though bowed with the weight of three-score years.

And the chorus bursts in wild despair
From the bloodless lips of a countless throng;
While a heartrending breaking here and there
Beats sullen time to the mournful song.

But the dancers still move gayly by,
Or turn to the helpless, famished band,
To ask who they are that dare to sigh,
When they sing for the great of a Christian land.

NEW YORK.

INNOCENT:
A TALE OF MODERN LIFE.BY
MRS. OLIPHANT,

Author of "Salem Chapel," "The Minister's Wife," "Squire Arden," etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.—AMANDA.

FREDERICK'S fever had come to a crisis. The next day was Saturday, and, without waiting for his mother's answer, he went down to Sterborne in the afternoon. He could wait no longer. Sterborne is a little town with a large old church. It would be almost a village but for the Minister, which gives it dignity; and all the people of the place are accustomed to consider their Minister as their private property, and to exhibit it to strangers as something in which they themselves have had a hand, and for which thanks are due to them—and not only thanks, but shillings and sixpences. Frederick's arrival at the little inn was accordingly set down without doubt to the attractions of the Minister; and while he ate his luncheon, the guides who particularly attached themselves to that establishment collected outside, to be ready for his services as soon as he should appear.

"The Minister, sir? here you are, sir!" said one sharp, small creature, half man, half boy, with elf looks and unnaturally bright eyes. "I'm the reg'lar guide," said another. "Them fellows there don't know nothing—not a single halter, or the names of the tombs as are all about the place." "I can do you a rubbing of the brasses, sir." "Here's photographs, sir, of all the favorite aspects."

"I want you to go to Mr. Batty's," he said.

"To old Batty's?" cried the lad, turning a somersault on the spot; "here you are, sir."

"He's going to old Batty's!" cried one of the assistants; and there was a roar of laughter, which Frederick did not understand, but which made him angry by instinct.

"Why did they laugh?" he asked, when he had left that mob behind him, and was following his guide through the High Street.

"We all laughs at old Batty," was the reply. "For what reason?" said Frederick, sternly; but his conductor only laughed once more. To tell the truth, there was no reason. The ragamuffins of the place had made a custom of it; they "always laughed," but they could give no reason why. Nevertheless, this very circumstance chilled Frederick. It was not powerful enough to stop him in his enterprise, but it chilled him.

Batty's house was in the outskirts of the little town. It was an old-fashioned house, low and straggling, opening direct from the road, with a little brass-knocker door, raised by one white step from the pavement. The door opened into a long passage, at the end of which was another door, which stood wide open, showing a large garden, green and bright with the afternoon sunshine. Mr. Batty was not at home, the maid informed him who opened the door; but if the gentleman would walk into the drawing-room or the garden, she would see whether Miss Batty was visible. Frederick, in his restlessness and agitation of his mind, preferred the latter, and went into the garden in a strange, tremulous state of excitement, scarcely knowing what he was about.

The house had looked pretty and small from the front, with rows of small twinkling windows and a low roof; but at the back the impression was very different. Various rooms built on the original *corps de logis* stood out into the lawn, but with great bow windows, with green turf at their feet and creeping plants mantling about them. The garden itself was large and beautifully cared for, showing both wealth and understanding. He pleased himself with thinking that perhaps this was Amanda's doing; for no one could suspect Batty himself of caring so much for mere beauty. Presently she would appear, and fill those paths with light. A hope of something better than he had yet known, better than he deserved, stole over Frederick's mind. He had fallen in love with mere beauty—that beauty which is but skin-deep, and which all moralists preach against. Could it be that in so doing he was to find goodness, good taste, and refinement, too?

While he was thus musing, the sound of voices reached him from one of the open windows. It was a warm afternoon, almost like Summer. A glimmer of firelight made itself visible in at least two of the rooms, and in both of these the windows were open. At first the talking was vague—not clear enough to reach him; but after a while it became louder in tone. The first to make itself heard was a voice which whistled and complained—"After twenty years' work for him and his: twenty years!" it said; and it wavered about as if the speaker was walking up and down the room with agitation. Sometimes she would stand still, and address the person to whom she was speaking,

varying from complaint to anger. Frederick did not know this voice. It was only when another speaker burst in, in a still louder tone, that the situation became all clear to him. The second voice rang at once into his heart. It was melodious enough in its ordinary sound—a round, full voice, not without sweetness; but something altogether new and unexpected came into it with these sharper and louder tones.

"You are free to go away whenever you choose," Amanda cried. "I will not be troubled like this. You know what all the doctors have said, and how wicked it is to worry me. No one can know better than you do. You are a wretch; you have no kindness, no feeling. Because you have quarreled with papa you want to kill me. What is the use of bullying me? You know you can go, as soon as ever you please. Go, and be done with it. You are always threatening, always saying what you will do—"

"Go!" said the other. "Oh, Manda, you to speak of feeling! when I have been here twenty years, and taken care of you from your childhood—"

"Taken care of me, indeed!" cried Amanda; "any servant could have taken care of me. You have been a nuisance since ever I can recollect; always reminding one that mamma was not a lady, and pulling us down as far as you could. What were you? Nothing but a lady's maid. Here you've been tried to be made a lady of, and had handsome dresses given you, and all sorts of things. Of course that was what you wanted—to be mistress of the house. Try it, aunty! Just try! An old, ugly, vulgar, spiteful creature, with no recommendation and no character—"

"Manda, Manda," cried the other, "oh, don't be so cruel—"

"I will be cruel, if you call that cruel. There's more than that coming. What is the good of you, but to make a slave and a drudge of? Why should you keep you, but for that? Aunty, indeed! He was a fool ever to let me call you so—you who are no better than the dirt under my feet."

"Manda, you dare to speak like that to your own flesh and blood?"

"I dare do a great deal more," cried Amanda. "You old Jezebel—you old hag, as pa says—you horrid painted witch—you wicked woman! Get out of my sight, or I'll throw something at you—I will! Go away! If you are not gone in one moment—you witch—you old hag—"

Here a smash of something breaking told that the gentle Amanda had kept her word. There was a suppressed cry, a scuffle, a scream, and then the bell was rung violently.

"Oh, I suppose it's my fault," cried the other voice, with a whimpering cry. "Bring the bottle out of her room—the one at her bedside. Give me the eau-de-cologne. Here's she been and fainted. Quick! Quick! Manda! I didn't mean it, dear! I don't mind! Manda! Lord, you were red enough just now—don't look so dead white!"

Was it Frederick's guardian angel that had made him an auditor of this scene? The loud voice declaiming, the string of abusive words, the clash of the missile thrown, were horrible and strange to him as the language of demons. He was thunder-struck. Her language had not always been pleasant to him, but he was not prepared for anything like this. He walked up and down in a state of mind which it would be impossible to describe. His first impulse was flight. There was still time for him to get away altogether, to escape from this horrible infatuation, to escape from her and her dreadful father, and everything belonging to her. Should he go? Then he reflected he had given his card, and so far compromised himself. Strangely enough, though he had been told that agitation might be fatal to her, he was not anxious about her, though he surmised that she had fainted. His disgust took this form. If she were ill after her outbreak, she deserved it. But since he was already so near, since he had given his card, since it would be known at once why he went away, this once, not for love, but for scornful gratification of his contemptuous admiration, just as he would look at a statue or picture, he would see her again.

This was the foolish reasoning with which he subdued the wiser instinct that prompted him to fly. Why should he fly? A woman capable of speaking, acting, thinking as this woman had done, could no longer have any power over a man who, whatever might be his moral character, had still the tastes and impulses of a gentleman. She had made an end of her sway over him, he thought; that dream could never come back again. Nobody but a madman would ask such a creature to marry him. To marry him? to be taken to his mother's house, and promoted into the society of gentlefolk? Never! He laughed bitterly at the notion. But, thank heaven! he had not betrayed himself. Thank heaven! that merely to see her would commit him to nothing.

He was standing by one of the flowerbeds, stamping down unconsciously with his boot the border of long-leaved crocuses which had gone out of flower, but quite unaware of the damage he was doing, when the maid who admitted him came back. Miss Apologized for keeping him so long waiting. Miss Manda had been taken bad sudden—one of her bad turns—nothing out of the common—but now was better, and would he go up-stairs, please?

"Was she well enough to see him?" Frederick asked, with a momentary thrill of alarm, feeling his heart begin to beat.

"Oh, quite well enough. They don't last long, these bad turns. You will find her a bit shaken, sir, and she didn't ought to be excited or put out, but she's better," said the maid. Better! the scold, the termentant, the beautiful fury; but still Frederick's heart beat at the thought of seeing her again.

She was lying on a sofa close to the open window, looking very pale and languid, just as she had been on that delicious evening which he had last spent in her company, looking as if nothing but gentle words could ever come out of those lovely lips. The woman whom she had called aunty, and whom she had been abusing, sat by her holding a white hand, which looked as if it had been modeled in ivory. Was that the hand? One of poor aunty's cheeks was red as fire, as if she had been struck on it, and she had evidently been crying. But she was full of solicitude for her charge, placing the cushions behind her comfortably, and whispering and soothing her. Frederick asked himself if he had been in a dream. Amanda held out her other hand to him with gentle languor, and smiled at him an angelic smile.

"Is it really you, Mr. Frederick Eastwood?" she said. "We have been wondering over your card. I could not think what could keep you here. Are you staying at the Court? But Sir Geoffrey is not at home—"

"No; I had business in this part of the country, and thought I would avail myself of your father's invitation—that is, for an hour or two. I must return to town to-night," he answered, proud of his own fortune, but feeling, oh, such a melting and dissolving of all his resolutions.

"That is a very short visit; but I hope papa may be able to persuade you to stay longer," said Amanda. "You do not mind my receiving you on

the sofa? I have been ill. Oh, you must not be too sorry for me," she added, laughing; "it was my own fault. I allowed myself to get into a passion. I am sure you never did such a thing. Mr. Eastwood, is it not shocking? I got angry at poor aunty, here. Yes, I deserve to be whipped, I know I do—and I always am punished, though not more than I deserve. They told me you were in the garden. I am so much ashamed of myself—did you know, Mr. Eastwood, what a naughty girl I was?"

"I heard—something," said Frederick, feeling all his armor of proof, all his moral courage drop from him. This fair creature, pale with agitation and exhaustion, smiling softly from her pillow—caressing the hand of her homely attendant—confessing her fault—this a termentant, a scold, a fury! The thing was ridiculous. Let him disbelieve his eyes, all his senses, rather than give up his faith in her.

"I don't know how to look you in the face," said Amanda, putting up her disengaged hand to hide herself. "Oh, I know I have been so very naughty. Please forgive me. It makes me so ill always. I am not let off. I get my punishment, but not more than I deserve—"

"Don't speak of punishment!" said Frederick. He was ready to pledge his honor that no word which was not good and gentle could have come from those lips. Miss Manda sighed softly and shook her head.

"I have not a good temper. I never had. Unless it is born with you, you can never get it by trying—and then, when I am agitated, it makes me ill. Nobody must ever cross me, you know, Mr. Eastwood, or some day or other I shall die—"

She lay back upon her pillows with her color beginning to return, but with a delightful gravity on her face. She threw an inquest at any one? It was totally impossible—though, indeed, there was a black mark on the carpet which a maid was mopping up, and a stain of ink on the front of aunty's dress; but this must have been accidental. Frederick looked at her and forgot his knowledge of the world, and threw away his independent judgment and the evidence of his senses. It must have been a mistake. He had all but seen it with his own eyes, but he felt it could not be true. He drew his chair close by the sofa, and asked what he could do to amuse her. Could he read to her? what could he do?

"Oh, no—it you can only stay for an hour or two, talk to me," said Amanda, "tell me about town. I hate this horrid little place where nothing ever happens. When any one dies it keeps us quite lively. That is the only kind of amusement we can get. Tell me if there is any gossip going, or stories about anybody in high life. Oh, I am so glad you have come to-day, when I want rousing up. Do tell me all the London news."

Frederick, to do him justice, was not much learned in London news. Having been brought up by a good mother, he hesitated to repeat to this young woman the stories he had heard at his club; for there are always stories floating on the surface of society, and they are always to be had at the club. After a while, moved by her persuasion, he did tell her some of them, to her intense interest and gratification. Everything in the shape of reason melted out of his mind as he sat by Amanda's side. All that he thought of was how to secure her—how soon he could marry, and bind to himself that most beautiful form, that fairest face. If these had been the days when rash proceedings were possible, Frederick felt that it was in him to have carried her away to his den, as a wild beast carries his prey. Thus, this foolish young man, notwithstanding all warnings, notwithstanding the immediate interposition of Providence and his guardian angel to save him from it, rushed upon his fate.

CHAPTER XXIV.—WHAT THE FAMILY THOUGHT.

AMANDA was not so eager as her lover. She held back. To do her justice, though she was glad of the prospect of marrying a gentleman, and doubly glad, for reasons of her own, to have an Eastwood at her feet, she was in no hurry to secure him; nor did she show any unbecoming exultation in her conquest. Her father did, who had set his heart on the match. But Amanda had too much confidence in her own charms and superiority to be unduly elated, or to give her consent without all the hesitation which she thought necessary to her dignity. I need not say that Frederick staid till Monday—till the last practicable moment; that he loathed her father and everything surrounding him more and more deeply every hour; and that his devotion to herself increased in heat and strength, through all her coquettings, her doubtfulness as to whether she liked him or not, and incapacity for making up her mind.

"I have known you such a little while," she said. "And I have known you such a little while," cried Frederick.

"But that is quite different," she said, demurely, casting down her eyes; "a woman's happiness depends on it so much more than a man's."

This was a pretty speech—it made Frederick more mad with passion than ever. The more she held back, the more eagerly he pressed and urged his suit. For this there were other reasons besides his love. Batty was insupportable to him. He despised and hated and loathed the man who knew his weakness, and had thrust himself into his confidence. He would have loathed any man who had done so; but every point in Batty's character exaggerated the intensity of his feeling. He could hardly restrain himself, even while Amanda held his "fate" in her hands. Once the decision was made, he determined to lose no time—to press for an immediate marriage—to carry her away out of this man's reach—anywhere; he did not care where, to get rid of him at any cost.

He could crush all the bonds of nature; he could subdue temper and disposition, and triumph over circumstances. All these Frederick was quite ready to tackle, and did not doubt his power to overcome. The first step was the only thing that depended upon another; but when Amanda had consented—when she was his—then everything would become easy and plain. In the meantime, however, he was received as lover on probation, and had to make a number of pilgrimages Saturday after Saturday before the decision was at last formally made in his favor.

During this time his family were in the dark, knowing little about Frederick. I need not say that their curiosity and ingenuity were warmly roused to find out his secret. This anxiety took a more practical form in the mind of Dick and in that of Molyneux, to whom, of course, Nelly had communicated the family perplexity, than in those of the ladies themselves, who did not know how to find out anything except in the legitimate way. Molyneux, however, managed by accident to stumble against Frederick at the railway station, and thus discovered where he went; while Dick, by means of one of his fellow-victims, who was reading with him under the same "coach," procured a natural history of Sterborne of an exhaustive character. When the name of Batty was mentioned, Mrs. Eastwood and Nelly looked at each other, and the whole became clear to them. They had not forgotten the

name which they had but once heard. A great beauty, the daughter of a country doctor. Now, indeed, everything became clear.

"I'll tell you what I'll do, mamma," said Dick; "Trevor has often asked me to go home with him on a Saturday. I'll go, and I'll manage to see her, and bring you back the news."

There was an eager assent on all sides to this proposition; and the mind of the family was kept in much suspense until Dick's return. As for Molyneux, he was disposed to take the very gloomiest view of the matter. He thought that Frederick should be "spoken to," and remonstrated with. The son of a Q. C., hoping shortly to be the son of a judge, does not look forward with any pride or satisfaction to the thought of becoming connected with a "country doctor." Ernest argued that a man of high standing would never have been so described; a country doctor, he declared, could mean nothing but the most homely specimen of the profession—the workhouse doctor, the village apothecary. He was uneasy on the subject. He thought Mrs. Eastwood ought to be "very firm," and that Frederick, for his own good, should have all the disadvantages of such a misalliance pointed out to him.

"Ernest seems to be afraid that his connection with us may do him harm in the world," she permitted herself once to say to Nelly.

"Oh! mamma, why do you judge Ernest so harshly?" cried the poor girl. But Nelly, too, felt that if Frederick should marry the daughter of a country doctor, her own lover would be deeply annoyed; and she, too, was wounded and offended by this, though, perhaps, unreasonably.

The household awaited Dick's return with much anxiety. He came up by a very early train, with a cold in his head, and misanthropical tendencies generally. And Dick's report was not such as made the family more happy.

"I met Frederick yesterday," he said. "The fellow accused me of coming to spy upon him. I asked him how I was to know where he went to amuse himself in secret. I was at the Trevors', where I had often been asked. He blessed me, and that was all; he dared not say any more. But wasn't he in a rage! I did not feel very nice myself; for, after all, I was a kind of spy."

"Indeed, I never thought of it in that light," said his mother. "You went to find out something about Miss Batty—not to spy upon Frederick."

"Oh! Miss Batty!—Miss Batty!" cried Dick. The recollection took away his power of speech. "She is a big, fat, fleshy sort of a creature, with red cheeks, and fuzzy hair in her eyes, a fringe of it hanging over her forehead, as you see some queer people in the streets; said forehead about an inch high, dimples in her fat cheeks, and that sort of thing. A figure like a feather-bed, with something tied round the middle to make a waist. Beautiful! if that is what you call beauty!"

Mrs. Eastwood gave a scream when he came to talk of Amanda's figure, and put her handkerchief to her eyes. As for Nelly, she took her brother by the shoulders and shook him, as much as it was in her power to do.

"You are not giving us a true account," she said. "Mamma, don't mind him; it is plain he likes tiny people best. Tell us the truth, you wicked boy; I am sure she is handsome; she must be handsome, even from what you say."

"As you like," said Dick; "it is all the same to me."

"She is like a lady, at least?"

"Well, if you think that is like a lady. She must weigh twelve stone, not an ounce less."

"If that is all you have to say against her," said Mrs. Eastwood, who was herself a good weight; "but Dick, dear, don't talk any more nonsense. People have different ideas about beauty. And her father, the doctor? Is he a proper sort of person? Is he a gentleman? So much will depend upon that."

"Her father, the doctor!" said Dick, with increasing contempt. He made a pause before he said any more to increase the effect. "He is a vet, and a horse-dealer, and a man without a bit of character, the best of the place."

Mrs. Eastwood gave a painful cry. Nelly echoed it feebly, standing in the middle of the room, with her face suddenly like ashes. Nelly's mind was not primarily concerned with Frederick. The idea which flashed through it was, Must Ernest know this?—must he be told? She felt the humiliation keenly, with a pang, such as she had never known before. It would humiliate her before him. He would feel humiliated by his connection with her. For the moment it seemed to Nelly too bitter to be borne.

"Are you quite sure, Dick?" she said, faltering. "Is there no mistake?"

"I will write to old Miss Eastwood," said the mother.

It was something to be able to get up, to hurry to her desk, to feel that she could do something, could inquire, at least, and was not compelled to sit down idle after hearing such news.

"What good can old Miss Eastwood do?" said Dick, who felt the authenticity of his own report to be called in question; and, indeed, old Miss Eastwood could do no good; to write to her, to get further information, seemed a kind of ease to the excitement of the moment. Before the letter was finished Mr. Vane came in, to make an innocent call, and hearing where Dick had been, and how he had caught such a dreadful cold, proceeded to discourse upon Sterborne, lightly and easily, as strangers often do upon points of deadly interest to their hearers.

"I have been all over the country," he said; "I used to know the Eastwoods, your relations, very well; indeed, I have a little box of a place close to Sterborne, which my sister is rather fond of. The Minister is the great attraction. Out of St. Peter's at Rome, I don't know a service so high—and she goes in for that sort of thing."

"Do you know anybody called Batty?" cried Nelly, in her haste. She had come to have great confidence in the man who looked at her so kindly, with eyes that had a certain regret in them—regret which flattered and consoled her somehow, she could not tell why.

"Ellnor!" cried Mrs. Eastwood, in dismay, but it was too late.

"Batty, oh, yes, I know Batty. He is very well known to the ingenious youth of that part of England," said Mr. Vane; "though I admire and wonder to think you should ask for him. Stop a moment, however—I know; he has a beautiful daughter."

"Then, she is beautiful?" cried Nelly.

"Red and white, flesh and blood—big Dutch doll of a thing," cried Dick, thrusting himself into the conversation, in eager self-defense, without thinking of the contradiction in his words.

"I suppose we are all flesh and blood," said Mr. Vane; "but I rather incline to Dick's view of the matter on the whole. At the same time she is a beautiful creature. I don't believe she has any more soul than Mohammed would allow; but she is the perfection of flesh and blood. By-the-way, she was once said to be engaged to one of the Eastwoods, I forget which, not Sir Geoffrey, but one of his brothers. I don't know how it was broken off."

"I heard of that, too," said Dick, putting on an

air of injured virtue; "you listen to all he says, but you don't put any faith in me."

"No, I can't tell exactly how it was broken off," Mr. Vane went on, trying to recollect the details which might, he thought, interest in an easy way the relations of Charles Eastwood. "But these stories are always disagreeable," he added; "there is sure to be something discreditable on one side or the other. It is a blessing, however, to know that he did get out of it, which was the chief thing to be desired."

In the dead pause that followed, in the look of despair which was exchanged between Mrs. Eastwood and Nelly, and the absence of all response to what he said, Vane, who was quick-witted, felt instinctively that something more was involved. He turned the conversation at once to other channels, and after a while Mrs. Eastwood withdrew with Dick, whose cold was becoming more and more demonstrative. When they had left the room there was another pause, and Mr. Vane made no haste to break it, for if Nelly chose to be confidential with the man who was a "connection," as he thought she had once or twice shown an inclination to be, John Vane was very far from having any objection. On the contrary, he was disposed to cherish the inclination. He was "interested" in Nelly. He thought there was a dissatisfaction and confused want in her, which it was sad to see. He thought Ernest Molyneux not half worthy of such a girl, and wondered what she could see in him; and if he himself could be of any comfort or help to Nelly, why, what was the good of him but to be of use? He waited, leaving her to speak, to ask his advice, or confide in him, if she chose.

"About this Mr. Batt?" she said, hastily. "Oh, Mr. Vane, pardon me for troubling you. You say it was a blessing that Charlie Eastwood got out of his engagement. I hate that way of talking, as if the girl's happiness went for nothing. But I don't think you meant that. Is this Mr. Batt such a man that to be connected with him would be a disgrace?"

"Disgrace is a strong word," said Vane. "I do not think I would use such a violent expression; but as a matter of feeling, I would rather not be connected with him; and pardon me if I say what, perhaps, may shock you—I would like still less to be connected with her."

"The girl?"

"Yes, the girl. It sounds brutal, I know; but she is just the kind of girl whom one would tremble to have anything to do with. Beautiful, passionate, uneducated, undisciplined, taught to think of nothing but the gratification of the moment. I am afraid of such creature. The Lorelei is a joke to her. When you got into the hands of the Sirens you were doomed, and there was an end of you; but a woman like that with the command of a man's life—"

"Oh, Mr. Vane!" cried Nelly, with her hands clasped, following every movement of his lips with her eyes, breathless in her interest; and then she burst suddenly into hot, momentary tears, and cried, "Poor Frederick! poor Frederick!" wringing her hands.

Mr. Vane got up hurriedly from his chair. "Miss Eastwood, don't think I heard you, or will ever recollect, or attempt to connect with what we have been saying—" he began. Then looking at Nelly, who was crying, the man's heart melted within him. "If it will do you any good or give you any ease, tell me," he said, going up to her, and standing behind her; "you may trust me never to say anything."

"Oh, yes, I can trust you," said Nelly; and then clasped her hands, and looked up at him. "You are a man; you are a connection; you are supposed to know better than we women do. Could you speak to him, Mr. Vane?"

He looked at her again, and shook his head. What could he say? "I am not a friend, and no one but a friend could interfere. Even a friend would not be listened to in such a case," he said; and then he added, "If he loves her, he may have an influence upon her; he may be able to make something better of her. And your influence and your mother's—"

Poor Nelly shivered. "It is not entirely of Frederick I am thinking," she said, with a low, suppressed moan; "I am selfish, too."

Mr. Vane seized his hat suddenly, and shook hands with her, and rushed away! Nelly could not imagine why. She thought he was unfeeling, and she was very, very vexed and angry with herself for having confided in him. The last words had escaped her in spite of herself; but, then, he could attach no meaning to them, she was sure.

When Frederick came home that evening there was a grand *edoulement*, not of a perfectly peaceable nature. He accused his mother of having sent Dick as a spy after him to find out his movements, an accusation which had a certain truth in it. Dick fortunately was shut up in his room with his cold, so that no quarrel between the brothers was possible. When Frederick intimated that he was an accepted lover, and that his marriage was to take place in six weeks, his mother and sister made an appeal to him, into which I need not enter. After a little fine indignation and heroic defense of his Amanda, Frederick became *attendi*, and gave her up to them as a burnt offering, and presented himself in the aspect of a martyr of honor, as men are in the habit of doing; and they ended by taking his part, and weeping over him, and consoling him. They agreed to endeavor to "make the best of it," to "stand by the poor boy." Where is the family that has not in one way or other had a similar task to perform?

There was but one other member of the house by whom the intelligence had yet to be received. Innocent heard it without any appearance of emotion. She had been wistfully curious about Frederick's absence, and had wandered about the garden disconsolately in the evenings, baffling by her strange deadness and silence all the attempts which the others made to replace him. Jenny, who had by this time come home for the holidays, did more for her than any of the others. He announced in the family that he meant to experiment upon her; he took her out into the avenue, and declaimed Homer to her, to try what effect would be produced—and he said she liked it! I am of opinion also that she did. She went through two or three days of this after Frederick's marriage was announced, and I suppose in the silence her faltering thoughts took shape; for Jenny was nothing to her, nor Ellinor, nor their mother, no one but Frederick—and slowly she began to feel that this strange new event would separate her from him. It was from Dick that at last she asked help for the solution of her thoughts.

"Frederick is to be married," she said, addressing him one day when they happened to be alone. It was in the garden, which in summer was the home of the family, and the slow, lingering Spring had changed into summer that year almost in a day.

Dick was almost as much surprised as if the lime tree under which he sat had suddenly disclosed a questioning Dryad.

"Frederick? Yes, he is going to be married; more fool he!" cried Dick, shutting up, on the chance of conversation, the book which he did not love.

"What does it mean?" said Innocent, again.

She had come to his side, and was standing by, questioning him with her great, steady eyes. The good young fellow thought to himself that she must be an absolute fool to ask such a question, and did not know what to reply.

"Mean?" he said, confused, casting about for words.

"Does it mean that he will go away from here?" said Innocent. "I do not know English ways. Will he go away—will he have her with him instead? Will he never come back, never to live, to be here always? This is what I want to know."

"Of course not," said Dick. "Why, any child knows that when a man marries, he goes away with his wife to a house of his own."

"Will Frederick have a house of his own?"

"Of course—I suppose so—if he can afford it," said Dick.

"And she will be with him always?" she asked, in a musing tone.

Upon which Dick burst into a great laugh, which silenced Innocent; but she had not the least idea why he laughed. Her mind was too much intent upon one subject to mind anything else. Frederick had brought a photograph of his betrothed to exhibit to his mother, and Innocent was seen bending over it and examining it long and closely. Next morning it was found on the table torn up into little fragments. The house was disturbed by this, for Frederick gave his mother and sister credit for the destruction of the image of his love, and accused them of want of consideration for himself, and many another sin against his mightiness. Both the accused ladies suspected how it was; Innocent had torn it up quickly and quietly after she had looked at it. She had done it with no vindictiveness, but with a quiet solemnity, like an administration of justice.

"Why did you tear it up?" Nelly said to her, a day or two later.

"Because I do not like her," said the girl, steadily, not rejecting the blame.

"But, Innocent, though we may dislike people, we cannot destroy them—nor even their portraits," said Nelly.

"No," said Innocent, "but it would be better if she could be destroyed," she added, speaking low.

"Hush—hush—why do you say so? She has not done anything wrong—"

Innocent made no immediate answer. Her face had changed from its wistful blank to an almost haggard look of sadness and pain. She turned away from Nelly, who was half angry and half sympathetic. The strange thing which they could not understand was, that she had no apparent anger against Frederick, or painful feeling toward him. She was not angry. A sinking sense of loneliness came over her when she thought of his departure, but no offense against him. She was as ready as ever to go to him in the garden, to walk with him, to cling to his arm. Once, even, she ventured to do what no one else did—she remonstrated. This was within a few days of his marriage, when all opposition was stopped, and nobody made any attempt to change the inevitable. They had been walking up and down together for some time, he saying nothing, she to all appearances passive as usual—when, quite suddenly, without any warning, she spoke.

"Frederick, I wish you would not marry. Why should you marry and go away? I do not like her face. If I had known that you would go away, I should have staid in Pisa. Cannot you give it up? I do not like you to marry. Oh, stay with us, stay!"

Frederick had stared at her when she began—now he burst into fits of uncontrollable laughter. There was something insulting in its tone which touched some chord in Innocent's nature. She went away from him without a word, and for days spoke to him no more.

(To be continued.)

THE FARRAGUT MODELS.

OUR picture of the Farragut Models in the Capitol represents them on exhibition beneath the Senate Chamber, inside the northeast entrance. At the time the sketch was made the place was visited daily by persons interested in works of art and revering the memory of the brave old Admiral in whose honor they were created.

Respect for the works of the artists whose handiwork was here displayed likewise brought many to view the models. Such names amongst the competitors as Stone, Bailey, Pickett, Mills and Vinnie Ream increased the desire of visitors from the different States to witness these specimens of their skill.

The models were made for a statue to be erected in Washington to perpetuate the memory of Admiral Farragut's great services to his country in her hour of peril. The designs have been seen, but no selection or award has yet been made.

LOSSES IN THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.

THE official report of the losses sustained by the German army in the "short, sharp and decisive" conflict with France, shows that the great victories were not won without fearful loss of human life. There were 127,867 German soldiers killed and wounded in battle, of whom 5,166 were officers, 88 surgeons, 12,208 sub-officers, and 110,435 common soldiers. The Third Prussian Corps, which went into the campaign 35,312 strong, lost 498 officers and 11,410 men, or nearly 34 per cent. of the whole. The losses of the First Bavarian Corps were scarcely less, being 33 per cent. of the whole. In every great battle there are a few regiments whose losses are out of all proportion to the rest. At Rezonville, for instance, the Third Prussian Corps lost 300 officers and 6,000 men. The Royal Guard, some 40,000 strong at the beginning of the war, on the 18th of August, 1871, attacked the village of Saint Privat, which was defended by the Sixth French Corps, under Marshal Canrobert, and lost nearly 8,000 men in the assault.

In all the wars the heavy losses fall on the infantry. In the first two years of our great struggle the infantry soldiers used to lay wagers with the cavalrymen, that they couldn't find the grave of a mounted soldier who had been killed in action. Before the war was over, however, the graves of cavalrymen thickly strewn all the battle-fields.

Of the total Prussian losses (127,867), 4,459 officers and 112,020 men belonged to the infantry, the same being a little over 17½ per cent. of the whole number of that arm engaged. The cavalry lost 279 officers and 4,342 men, or about 6½ per cent. of the whole mounted corps. The artillery lost 422 officers and 5,597 men, or about 6½ per cent. of the whole number of artillerymen who took part in the war. Seventeen thousand five hundred and seventy men (17,570) died on the battle-field, and 10,707 died in hospitals from wounds received in action. The number killed in each engagement was generally about one-sixth of the number wounded, but in some battles there was one killed for every four wounded. It is vastly more perilous to be an officer than a

private soldier. Of the German Generals, the killed and wounded were something more than 11 per cent.; superior officers, nearly 27 per cent.; captains, more than 22 per cent.; lieutenants, about 25½ per cent.; and common soldiers, about 14½ per cent.

The greatest loss sustained in the war by the Prussians was at Saint Privat, where 20,577 soldiers were either killed or wounded.

FOREIGN NOTES.

THE *Spectator* is quite severe upon the Prince of Wales for allowing himself to be installed as Grand Master of the Order of the Temple of England and Ireland. This Order, it may be well to explain, has no connection whatever with British Knighthood, but is simply one of the numerous phases of the Masonic fraternity, and which is well known in this country under the name of Knights Templar. The *Spectator* explains its origin as follows: "There is a legend, it seems, that some of Jacques de Molay's companions, flying from the fagots of Philippe le Bel, were shipwrecked on the coast of Aberdeen, and then and there communicated the true mystery of the Temple to a wandering lodge of Highland Masons. If three or four Chevaliers of the Legion of Honor, escaping from New Caledonia, were to be shipwrecked on some Fijian isle, and were forthwith to proceed to confer the well-known Napoleonic cross on its hospitable natives, we should have a somewhat analogous case." There is evident fear that the members of this society may hereafter assert that their "pinchbeck" knighthood, being conferred by their future sovereign with the approval of the Queen, is equal in rank with the real-genuine-original-Jacobs article, in the shape of the Garter, the Bath, the Star of India, etc. The same journal vehemently protests that "they are no more Knights of the Temple than they are kangaroos or cherubim," and winds up an elaborate article, half petulant, half satirical, by saying: "Seriously, however, is playing the principal part in such an utterly fantastic extravaganza fit occupation for the Prince of Wales? What warrant can the Prince of Wales conceive that he has for conferring the decorations of Knight Grand Cross and Knight Commander in what, after all, was a military monastic Order of the Roman Catholic Church, notoriously suppressed (rightly or wrongly, it does not signify) by the same authority that created it—that is to say, the Pope—many centuries ago? These sham Templars already assume, it appears, the specific title, the 'Sir' of British knighthood. The Queen, it was stated by His Royal Highness, sanctions his proceedings, and owns herself Patroness of the Templars as an Order of England and Ireland. What do Her Majesty's Ministers, now and then afflicted by the sad struggle for real coronets and authentic ribbons, think of it all?" The American reader, however, will by very apt to remark with Mr. Toots, "It's of no consequence."

THERE has been a discreditable row at Rome, in which an Englishman, Mr. Arthur Vansittart, an Ultramontane, has either inflicted or suffered, or both inflicted and suffered, considerable injuries. It appears that the anti-Clerical party are in the habit of gathering in groups near the Church of the Gesù, apparently for the purpose of quizzing the Clericals as they come out. On March 30th, Mr. Vansittart and Signor Antonelli (a nephew of the Cardinal's) came out from mass and met the group of Liberals, when a struggle ensued, in which it is extremely difficult to say who was the aggressor, both parties maintaining that they were assaulted first. Mr. Vansittart declares that his friend Count Antonelli was insulted first by Signor Fornari, one of the Liberals, and that on turning to defend him he was himself struck five violent blows with a stick, was rescued by the police, and that he has since been laid up with his wounds. On the other hand, one of the anti-Clericals, Dr. Barberi Borghini, declares that Fornari was first attacked, and that he, in turning to defend his friend, was set upon by five persons with loaded canes, one of which he wrenched from the hands of an antagonist and laid about with fury. Probably both accounts are tolerably true.

STUTTGART, the capital of Württemberg, of all places in the world, has been in tumult. It is a place where the cruel and cruel-making medieval traditions against the Jews have still great vitality, and during the last week in March a riot broke out, of which the occasion was a dispute between a soldier and a Jew clothes-man as to whether the price of some trousers purchased by the Jew were stated in florins or in dollars. The police interfered on behalf of the Jew, the populace on behalf of the soldier, and a riot ensued, which was repeated several nights in succession, and latterly took the form of wrecking shops, in fact, of mere pillage. At last General von Stulpnagel took the matter authoritatively in hand, and virtually quelled the series of riots by walking once, alone, across the market-place with an observant eye fixed on all the roughs. The roughs knew what was meant, and not even "a whiff of grape-shot" was required. The Prussian is a splendid drill-sergeant. But it looks ugly, this double disposition to persecute and to plunder in one of the quietest towns of Southern Germany.

It is significant of the spread of democracy that the interests of labor are receiving the marked attention of French princes. The Duc d'Anjou devoted months in exile to writing on British Trades Unions, and the Comte de Paris has just made an elaborate report on the condition of the working-classes in England. Prince Louis Napoleon now has something to say. He was (the Napoleonic Paris *Ordre* tells us) speaking recently with his classmates at Woolwich of the autograph letter he had received from the Emperor Francis Joseph inviting him to the Vienna Exhibition, and said: "I will on this occasion feel myself again in my own country, and will take care not to miss the opportunity. There, in the French section, amid all the products of labor—the glory of our fatherland—will I not be in France?" The French workman—who will not be affected by this graceful compliment from a boy of seventeen, will no doubt, the *Ordre* thinks, be very insensible.

An Irish landlord, Mr. W. A. Nicholson, writes a rather caustic letter to the *London Times*, headed, "Difficulties of an Irish Landlord," in which he complains that one of his tenants, Mrs. Sarah Gilgan, who had always been treated "with great indulgence," showed so little gratitude in return, that she actually died without making her will, in consequence of which exceedingly inconsiderate conduct upon her part (which may, however, be accounted for, perhaps, by her having died somewhat suddenly), Mr. Nicholson, wishing to resume possession of her farm, has been obliged to serve notices to quit on each of her five sons, and also on the widow of a son deceased. Upon which the *Spectator* remarks: "We do not see how this case can be construed into a difficulty peculiarly troubling the path of that 'child of misfortune,' the Irish landlord. The British law allows the British subject to make a will or no will, as it may please him."

If the French can be more complimentary than any other people, they can be also very much the reverse. A Paris journal is our authority for saying that, recently, at the *Closerie des Lilas*, a lady in very bad humor said, savagely, to a gentleman, who had fixed

his eyes on her for some time, "Why have you gaped at me for an hour, fool?" "Ah, madame," replied the gentleman, bowing very respectfully, "if you only knew how much you resemble my poor monkey which I loved so much—" The sequel is left to conjecture.

NEWS BREVITIES.

THEY produce orange-colored pigs in New York.

VIGO COUNTY, Ind., has eight murderers in its jail.

THE seventh annual Louisiana State Fair began April 23d.

A "GENUINE MERMAID" is on exhibition at Los Angeles, Cal.

THE custom of displaying wedding-presents is going out of fashion.

GENERAL PAVIA has resigned the Captain-Generalship of Madrid.

GENERAL VELARDE has resigned the Captain-Generalship of Catalonia.

MORE than 20,000 men find employment in the Nova Scotia fisheries.

A WOMAN in Springfield, Mass., busies herself in making wills at \$2 each.

THE Bull's Head Bank resumed business in New York on the 23d of April.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., has a bill-board, the largest in the world, 400 feet long.

THE condition of Hon. James Brooks is represented as somewhat improved.

THE salary of the Mayor of Portland, Me., has been raised from \$1,500 to \$2,500.

AN antique statue of Venus has been found near the village of Iais, Greece.

A GIRL in Searsport, Me., 13 years old, weighs 220 pounds, and is still growing.

THE Grand Trunk Railroad Bill passed the Canadian House of Commons on April 23d.

THE remains of President Figueroa's wife were buried at Madrid, on the 23d of April.

THE Nantucket (Mass.) Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument Fund amounts to \$2,500.

THE Welland Canal is unusually low, and a number of vessels are fast for want of water.

NO more bodies or valuables have been recovered lately from the wreck of the *Atlantic*.

ALONZO BURKE, of Milton, Mass., fell from the platform of a train last week, and was killed.

THE English railway officials contend that no trains should be run faster than 20 miles an hour.

It is reported that Sir Samuel Baker and party were at Falookra, and quite well, a short time ago.

THERE is a probability that a grand international billiard tournament will soon take place in this city.

PRINCE ALBRECHT, nephew of the Emperor of Germany, was married to Princess Mary, of Saxe-Altenburg.

ROVING bands of Carlists in the northern provinces continue to stop railway trains and rob passengers.

LEWIS, alias DE LUCE, was sentenced to sixteen years in the Massachusetts State Prison, for burglary.

TWO HUNDRED wild turkeys were captured in a single day's hunt, recently, by some of the soldiers at Fort Larned.

A FLORIDA man has killed 900 alligators since the middle of December, none of them less than five feet long.

THE printers of the country Press in North Alabama have resolved not to work for any paper using patent outside.

THE Czarowitz of Russia and his wife, the Grand Duchess Marie Dagmar, will visit London during the month of May.

THERE has been a great deal of dissatisfaction in Frankfort-on-the-Maine because of the advance in the price of beer.

THE lightning trains between Troy and Saratoga are to make the run this summer in one hour, without stopping.

TWO FOOLISH young girls took poison together in Janesville, Wis., but the family doctor came in time to save their lives.

THE first game of baseball this season was played on Wednesday, April 23d, by the Philadelphia Club and the Boston Nine.

THE railway between Constantinople and Adrianople has been completed, and trains are now running between the two cities.

THE Putnam House and the Barnes House, in Mitchell, Ind., were burned last week. The loss is estimated at \$30,000; not insured.

SHOOTING is so common in Memphis that one of the daily papers keeps up a column entitled, "Yesterday's Pistol Exercises."

A FLOOD in Montreal has submerged the lower part of the city. Floating ice destroyed a number of houses in the village of La Prairie.

THE lowest estimate of the value of all the diamonds that left the Cape Colony last year is \$10,000,000, and well-informed persons place it much higher.

THE sale of the Laurent Richard gallery of paintings in Paris produced 1,398,550 francs. Their original cost is said to have been only 600,000 francs.

ACCORDING to the census of 1870, the total church property in Kansas amounted to \$1,722,700, and 391 church-buildings afforded sittings for 102,055 persons.

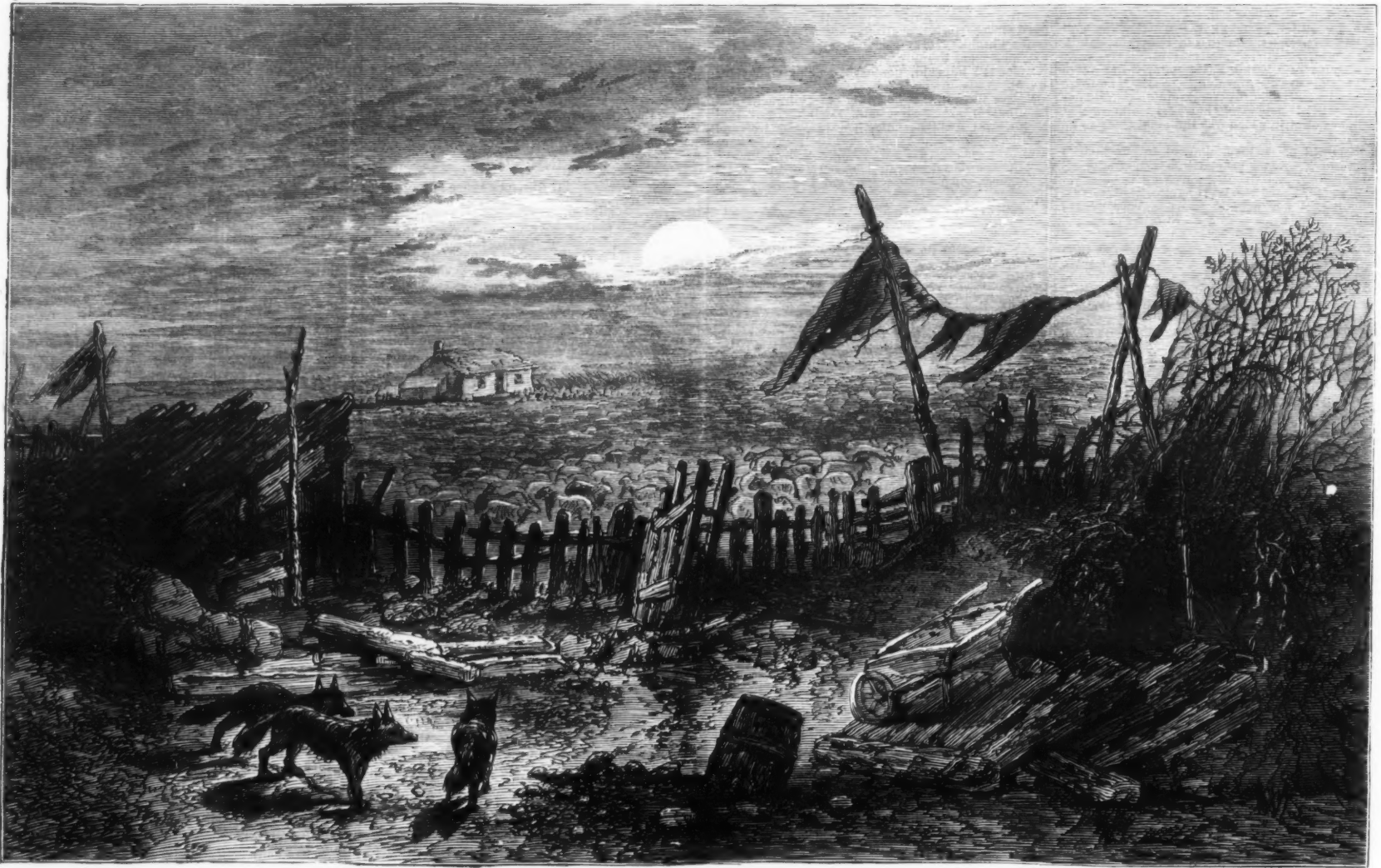
THE Exhibition of Schools of Art at Calcutta is gaining strength. Professor Kipling, of the Bombay schools, is about to start with a contribution of 14 pupils.

THE discovery has just been made at Cologne of a fine sketch of one of the most celebrated paintings by Rubens, belonging to the church of St. Martin d'Alost.

MARK BOOTHBY, who shot and killed his wife, in Edgeworth, Mass., on Wednesday, April 23d, has delivered himself up to the authorities and been committed for murder.

A COLORED man has sued the proprietor of the theatre in Cleveland, O., for \$5,000 damages, for refusing to admit him to a seat in the dress-circle after he had obtained a ticket.

FREDERICK CRANE, formerly connected with the Boston Journal and New York Tribune, and more recently with the Taunton (Mass.) papers, died in that city on Wednesday, April 23d.



IOWA.—A SHEEP RANCHE—WOLVES PROWLING AROUND THE PEN AT NIGHT.

A SHEEP RANCHE IN IOWA.

IN many parts of the country great attention is paid to the raising of sheep. Portions of Iowa and Minnesota are specially adapted to this business, the grass being of a very nutritious character, and the face of the country such that the sheep cannot easily stray away and be lost. The greatest drawback to the business is the severe cold of winter, which sometimes causes the death of large numbers of sheep in a single night, when they are not properly protected against the weather. Many sheep-farmers contend that their flocks do not need protection, and that the wool is of a better quality when the animals are kept constantly in the open air, and consequently they refuse to build sheds for sheltering purposes. But these obstinate men are gradually becoming convinced by the logic of facts. Two or three years ago, in an unusually severe frost, accompanied with high wind, several thousand sheep died in a single night, and the deaths were altogether in flocks that were not sheltered. Sheep that were under cover did not suffer, and since that time many of the advocates of the old system have changed their minds, and adopted the views of their more tender-hearted neighbors. Further south, especially in Texas and New Mexico, where great numbers of sheep are raised, no shelter is needed, as the climate is much warmer than that of Iowa and Minnesota.

In nearly all regions where sheep are kept in large flocks they are allowed to graze during the day, but are driven into a fold at night, partly to keep them from straying and partly to protect them against wild animals. Wolves are the great enemies of sheep, and "the wolf in the fold" has been a simile of danger and destruction through many hundreds of years. The sheep has never been remarkable for its bravery, and in a contest between one of these animals and a healthy wolf, the wolf can generally be considered sure to win. Sometimes half a dozen wolves will enter a fold and cause great havoc in a single night. They do not appear content to kill only enough to satisfy their appetites, but keep up the destruction for the fun of it. Wolves are cautious beasts, and unless quite hungry they hesitate to enter a sheepfold, through fear of falling into a trap, though when once inside their fear seems to leave them, and they make themselves at home. Rarely do they suffer any injury in their encounters with sheep, though sometimes they get the worst of it. I remember one occasion when a sheep-farmer showed me a dead wolf that entered the yard just as the farmer was approaching it. The wolf sprang upon a sheep, and while he was tearing her throat, a venerable ram roused himself and took in the situation at a glance. Stepping back a sufficient distance to get a good impetus, he took aim and ran with the vehemence of an express locomotive against the intruder. The sides of the wolf were broken in by the force of the blow, and the wolf, as a fighting animal, soon became of very little consequence. The ram returned several times to the charge, and before he stopped he pounded his enemy into a very unwholesome mass. Evidently, he was aware that he had performed a noble action, as he walked around his victim with all the exultation of a victorious prize-fighter, and received the applause of the farmer with evident appreciation.

Sometimes the wolf is entrapped by a device which is said to be of Tartar invention. A circle about twenty feet in diameter is inclosed with tall stakes driven into the ground about four inches apart. Outside of this is another circle with a single opening that is provided with a hinged door. A lamb is placed in the inner circle, which has no opening, and the hinged door is flung back. The bleating of the lamb, separated from his companions, attracts the wolf, who walks around a while on the outside, and finally ventures to enter. Once inside, he keeps in motion, as the space between the circles is too narrow to allow him to turn around. When he has made the circuit and comes to the door, he pushes against and closes it. He is now fairly entrapped, and after a few circuits be-

comes aware of the fact, and vents his anger in loud howls. His companions come at his call, but they cannot aid him, and, as day approaches, they leave him to his fate. Sometimes two or more wolves enter at the same time, and are trapped together. In such cases they have been known to fall upon and kill each other in their rage, though the narrowness of their prison interferes somewhat with their fighting proclivities.

In the West and Southwest there are many sheep-farmers who have found the business exceedingly profitable. Flocks of five, ten and twenty thousand are not uncommon; and occasionally there is a farmer who owns fifty thousand, a hundred thousand, or, it may be, a quarter of a million sheep. A great many persons have started in the business without any capital of their own beyond sufficient for the erection of rude buildings and fences on land which they had secured under the Homestead

Law. Then they would take a flock of sheep under a contract with its owner, each to receive half the wool and half the increase. This is the customary contract between owners and farmers, and if the flock is well cared for, and no diseases carry off the sheep, the speculation is profitable to both parties. Flocks will double in number every two years if none of the sheep die or are killed off; and the price of wool is generally high enough to yield a good profit on the expense of caring for the sheep. The great dread of owners is a disease known by the unpoetical name of "the rot," and sometimes it is very destructive. Wolves are a serious drawback in the newest portions of the country, but they speedily diminish and disappear before the advance of civilization. Sometimes there are vagabond fellows who live by sheep-stealing, but this practice does not receive much encouragement, and frequently sends its devotees to the State Prison.

The illustration presented herewith represents a sheep-farm, or rancho (from the Mexican *rancho*), in Iowa, where the flock has been inclosed for the night. The residence of the farmer is at one side of the inclosure, while at the other is a rough shed, where the flock can be partially sheltered in a storm or a cold night. Wolves, attracted by their taste for mutton, are prowling about, and evidently debating the propriety of making an entrance and seeking the wherewith to gratify their fastidious desires. Were it not for the fence, they would be more bold; and their remarks, if they could be rendered into intelligible language, would doubtless be found to rest mainly "on the fence," like those of many a politician when parties are evenly balanced, and it is hard to determine which is the safer side.

LOUISVILLE KY.

SCENES IN THE TOBACCO MARKET.

ONE of the leading branches of trade in Louisville is that of leaf tobacco. In this commodity, Louisville ranks as the first inland market in the world.

The Kentucky crop for 1872 amounted to over 100,000 hogsheads.

The leaf is prepared for shipment by the planter, who packs it into hogsheads containing from 800 to 2,000 pounds, the average being about 1,200 pounds. When these arrive at the warehouses, and before they are offered for sale, the tobacco is stripped—that is, the hogshead is reopened and the entire contents are exposed. It is then inspected, by being broken in three or more places, fair samples are taken out, and by these the various lots are sold, each hogshead upon its own merits, to the highest bidder—the warehousemen being responsible to the buyers that the tobacco purchased shall be in all cases equal in quality to the sample. A sample is then delivered to the buyer. The tobacco is again placed in the hogshead, well coopered, and made ready for shipment to any part of the United States or the world.

Very little do the lovers of the "weed" in our Northern cities know of the many ins and outs, ups and downs, the leaf of tobacco takes before it reaches them in the shape of a fine "Havana" or "plug."

One of our sketches presents an interior view of the Louisville tobacco warehouse. Purchasers are seen at the "breaks," or auction, buying; also, the planters are looking after their interests. Near by are the negro hands, packing and coopering hogsheads for shipment.

The second engraving is a picture of the colored hands loading the drays, while others are waiting for freight. One notorious character, "Old Uncle George," is whipping a juvenile negro for some rascality. The youngster does not seem to consider the operation any too pleasant.

THE CHANGE OF CLIMATES.

OLD people complain that the seasons are either warmer, or colder, or more rainy, than when they were young. Their comments are often ridiculed, because most persons believe that no very marked changes have occurred, or ever will take place, in a country where stability of nature seems to be a settled fact—that is, it snows in winter, rains in April, and trees have leaves in spring. But atmospheric alteration is certainly going on from age to age, more strongly evident in some parts of a country than in others.

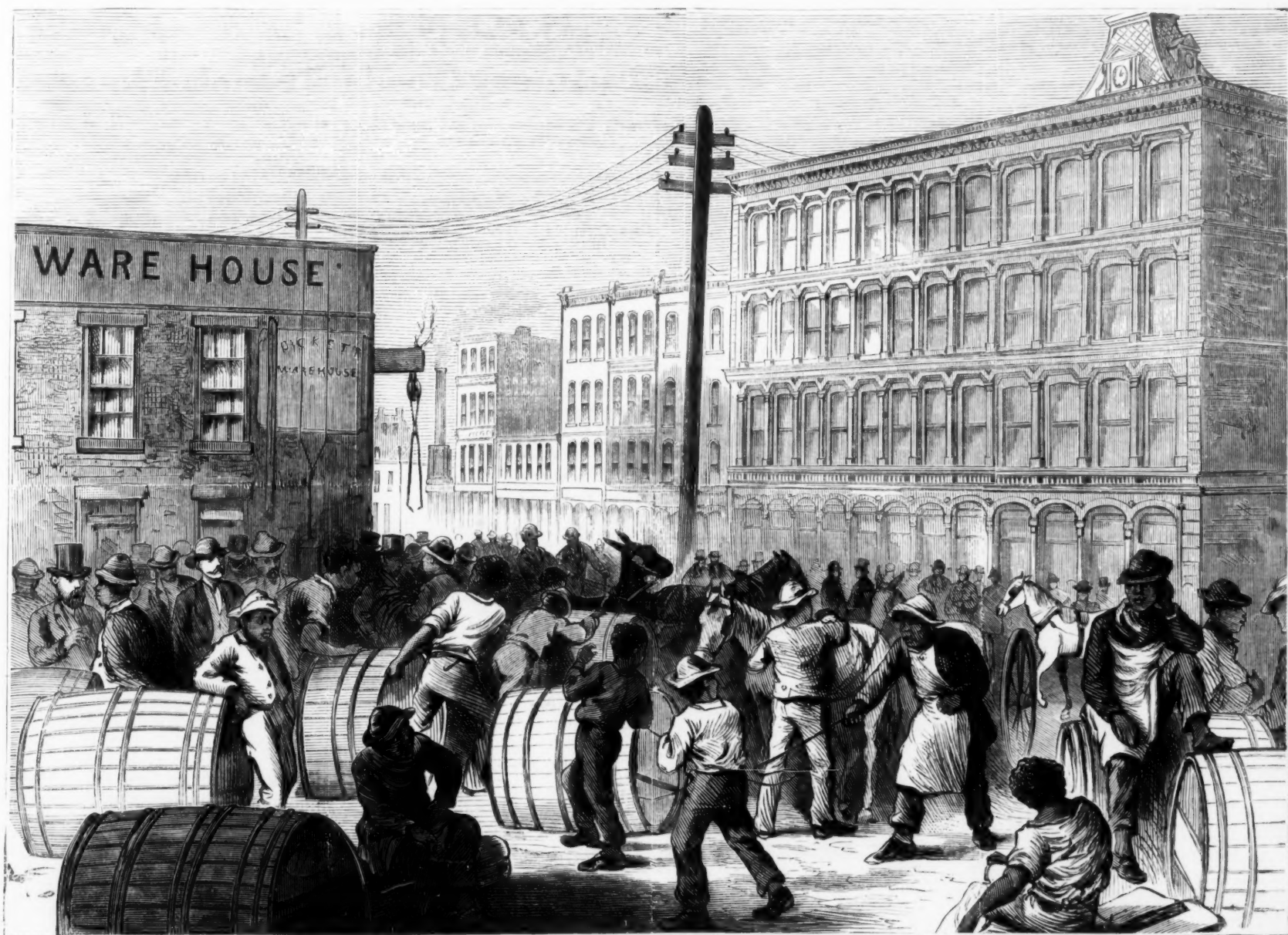
Here are illustrations: Two thousand years ago the climate of Italy was far colder than now. The Loire and Rhone, in ancient Gaul, used to freeze over annually. Juvenal says the Tiber froze so firmly in his day, the ice had to be cut to get at the water. Horace indicates the presence of ice and snow in the streets of Rome, and Ovid asserts the Black Sea freezes over every year.



GEN. GEORGE W. MORGAN, OF OHIO.—SEE PAGE 139.



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE LOUISVILLE TOBACCO WAREHOUSE—PLANTERS AND PURCHASERS AT THE "BREAKS" OR AUCTION.



NEGROES LOADING DRAYS WITH TOBACCO-HOGSHEADS OUTSIDE THE WAREHOUSE—"OLD UNCLE GEORGE" WHIPPING A MISCHIEVOUS BOY.
KENTUCKY.—THE TOBACCO TRADE—SCENES IN THE LOUISVILLE MARKET.—FROM SKETCHES BY GEORGE KERR, JR.—SEE PAGE 144.

So extreme was the cold at that far-off period in history, it stands chronicled by the ancients that in Gaul, Germany, Pannonia, Thrace, snow positively covered the ground so long as to prevent the cultivation of olives, grapes, and other fruits which are raised there at the present time in abundance. Ice or snow, to any considerable amount, would now be regarded as a phenomenon in Italy.

ONE THOUSAND YEARS OLD.

THE loftiest house, and the most perfect in the matter of architecture I have ever seen, was that which a woodchopper occupied with his family one Winter in the forests of Santa Cruz County, Cal. It was the cavity of a redwood tree, 240 feet in height. Fire had eaten away the trunk at the base, until a circular room had been formed 16 feet in diameter. At 20 feet or more from the ground was a knot-hole, which afforded egress to the smoke. With hammocks hung from pegs, and a few cooking utensils hung upon other pegs, that house lacked no essential thing. The woodman was in possession of a house which had been 1,000 years in process of building. Perhaps on the very day it was finished he came along and entered in. How did all jack-knife and hand-saw architecture sink into insignificance in contrast with this house in the solitudes of the great forest! Moreover, the tenant fared like a prince. Within 30 yards of his coniferous house a mountain stream went rushing past to the sea. In the swirls and eddies under the shelving rocks, if one could not land half a dozen trout within an hour, he deserved to go hungry as a penalty for his awkwardness. Now and then a deer came out into the openings, and, at no great distance, quails, rabbits, and pigeons could be found. What did this man want more than nature furnished him? He had a house with a "cupola" 240 feet high, and game at the cost of taking it. This Arcadian simplicity would have made a lasting impression, but for a volunteer remark, that nothing could be added that would give life a more perfect zest. "Well, yes," said he, "I reckon, if you are going back to town, you might tell Jim to send me up a gallon of whisky, and some plug tobacco." It will not do to invest a hollow tree with too much of sentiment and poetry. If that message had not been suggested, we should have been under the delusion to this day that the lives of those people, dwelling in a house fashioned 1,000 years ago, were rounded to a perfect fullness, without one artificial want.

INTERESTING DEVICE.

SOLOMON says, "He that regardeth the clouds shall not reap;" but the reapers of the clouds have lately been studying the clouds to some purpose—they have succeeded in manufacturing them to order. Successful experiments, according to the Lyons *Progres*, have been taken by the Vine-Dressers' Congress for the production of artificial clouds. Tin receivers, filled with peculiarly prepared tar, were disposed over an area of many acres, and when the tar was ignited thick white clouds rose into the atmosphere, and, spreading out evenly over a large region, remained suspended several yards above the soil.

The reader will at once understand the object and use of this device. In seasons when frost is feared, the tar-clouds would interpose between the crops and the sky, thus checking the night radiation which often causes such ravages in vineyards and gardens, both in Spring and at harvest-time. This experiment of the French husbandmen is, therefore, something more than a curious scientific feat—it is a valuable agricultural contrivance, all the more useful from the simplicity and cheapness of its machinery, a few dollars' worth of tar being ample provision for a season, until the dangers of frost are passed, or until the crops can no longer be injured. This device for clothing the fields with a perfect robe of vapor, taken together with the well-known process of cannonading the clouds to make them "tell their beads in drops of rain," show how the modern farmer may shape the elements to his purposes, and rob even cloud-compelling Zeus of his fabled attributes.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

What chin is it that is never shaved?—An urchin.

How much cloth is required to make a spirit-wrapper?—None.

What none of us ever drank from?—The tap of a drum.

What nation produces most marriages?—Fascination.

When is water most liable to escape?—When it is only half-tide.

When does a farmer work a miracle?—When he turns a horse to grass.

The most affecting sight a Yankee editor ever saw was two hundred barrels in tiers.

A GENIUS is popularly supposed to be one who can do anything except make a living.

An ice-berg in the St. Lawrence has made excellent boating in the lower streets of Montreal.

A DOG with two tails was seen in London the other day. One belonged to an ox, and was carried in the mouth of the dog.

A MILKMAN is said to have left a can of water by mistake at a customer's house, and the customer never discovered the error.

"What was the result of the trial of that horse-stealer?" asked a Missourian of his neighbor. "Oh, he was left hanging in suspense," was the reply.

"I'm not in mourning," said a young French lady, frankly, to a quaker; "but as the widows are getting all the offers now-a-days, we poor girls have to resort to artifice."

ASKING a lady what her accomplishments are, is generally speaking, harmless enough. Still, in these days, it might in some cases cause embarrassment to put the question, "Do you paint?"

THE following hit at the water-cure was made by Charles Lamb, and none but himself could have made so quaint a conceit. "It is," he said, "neither new nor wonderful, for it is as old as the Deluge, which, in my opinion, killed more than it cured."

"At what a rate that girl's tongue is going!" said a lady, looking complacently at her daughter, who was discussing some subject of apparent interest with a handsome young clergyman. "Yes," replied a satirical neighbor, "her tongue is going at the *cu-rate*."

A SIMPLE Highland girl called upon an old master with whom she had formerly served. Being kindly invited by him to share in the family dinner, and the usual ceremony of asking a blessing having been gone through, the girl, anxious to compliment her ancient host, exclaimed: "Ah, master, ye maun hae a grand memory, for that's the grace ye had when I was wi' ye seven years ago."

THE ESSENCE OF THYME.—It is a well-known fact that ladies seldom become gray, while the heads of the "lords of creation" are often early in life either bald or gray—sometimes both. Douglas Jerrold tells a piquant joke as follows: "At a private party in London, a lady—who, though in the Autumn of life, had not lost all dreams of its Spring—said to Jerrold, 'I cannot imagine what makes my hair turn gray; I sometimes fancy it must be the "essence of rosemary" with which my maid is in the habit of brushing it.' 'I should rather be afraid, madame,' replied the dramatist, 'that it is the essence of time (thyme).'"

THAT was a noble youth who, on being urged to take wine at the table of a certain famous statesman, had the moral courage to refuse. He was a poor young man, just beginning the struggle of life. He brought letters of introduction to the great statesman, who kindly invited him home to dinner. "Not take a glass of wine?" said the great statesman, in wonder and surprise. "Not one simple glass of wine?" echoed the statesman's beautiful and fascinating wife, as she arose, glass in hand, with a grace that would have charmed an anchorite, and endeavored to press it upon him. "No," said the heroic youth, resolutely, gently repelling the proffered glass. What a picture of moral grandeur was that—a poor, friendless youth refusing wine at the table of a wealthy and famous statesman, even though proffered by the fair hands of a beautiful lady! "No," said the noble young man—and his voice trembled a little, and his cheeks flushed—"I never drink wine; but—here he straightened himself up, and his words grew firmer—"if you've got a little good old Irish whisky, I don't mind trying a glass."

WANTED.—Complete files of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, from Vol. 11, 1860-61, to Vol. 19, inclusive. Unbound copies preferred. Address, stating price, E. G. S., care this office.

SUMMER PIC-NIC FOR POOR CHILDREN.—The Charity Amateur Dramatic Association, which has already given two very successful performances for charitable purposes, have made arrangements to give another for the benefit of the Poor Children's Picnic Fund—a charity which appeals to the sympathy of every generous heart. This will take place on the 14th of May, at the Union Square Theatre, when Tobin's popular comedy of "The Honeymoon" will be given. As no additional charge will be made for admission, it cannot be doubted that a very large and fashionable audience will be present to second so admirable a charity. In addition to the comedy of "The Honeymoon," a favorite farce will be given. Tickets can be had at the Box-Office of the Theatre on the afternoon of the performance. In our next number we shall give the last of these two pieces.

It is only those firms who have REAL bargains to offer who are now doing the business. I have the following stock at an immense reduction, and, as the readers of this paper are aware, I carry nothing but the very finest kind of goods. A little money will go further now than it ever has before in this line. Ladies' Jewelry, \$125 sets, \$62.50; \$50 sets, \$25; \$25 pairs of earrings, \$12.50. Pearl and Diamond Engagement Rings, of my own manufacture, and in original designs (read the article on engagement rings in my new Spring Circular, now ready, and free to all.) Ladies' Solid Gold Hunting-Case Watches, in every variety of casing. Opera and Royal Opera Solid Gold Chains. The Gorham Solid Silverware. Any goods C. O. D., privilege to examine before paying. F. J. NASH, 712 Broadway, New York.

"Worthy of the fullest confidence."—*Christian Advocate*.

"Whose goods are just what he represents them."—*Christian Union*.

THE ABSOLUTE TEST OF EXCELLENCE.—The truest test of excellence in a sewing-machine is, after all, the record of its sales. The manufacture of the Wilson Improved Underfeed Machine employs an immense manufacturing and nearly five hundred skilled workmen. The machines are turned out at the rate of from eighteen hundred to two thousand per week, and are sold faster than they can be made. The factory is pushed from day to day with orders. There is nothing strange in all this when we consider that it is a first-class, perfect machine, capable of any class of work, good for twenty years' constant service, and costing \$15 less than the other first-class machines. Salesroom at 707 Broadway, New York, and in all other cities in the United States. The company want agents in country towns.

SOMETHING NEW.—A copartnership to be known under the style of Croney & Tuttle has been established at No. 35 Union Square, for the purpose of carrying on the importation of gentlemen's furnishing goods. The elegant store, on the west side of the Square, is a miniature world of fashion, particularly in the lines of shirts and articles of neck-wear, the firm enjoying unusual facilities for obtaining at the earliest moment the choicest fashions decided upon in London and Paris. As each steamship brings a fresh assortment, the advantage of consulting Messrs. Croney & Tuttle before purchasing elsewhere is apparent.

SHEA, 427 BROOME STREET, COR. CROSBY STREET, offers now a complete assortment of Spring clothing for men and boys, of fine and medium quality; also, custom clothing, Broadway misfits, etc., 40 per cent. less than original cost. No trouble to show goods.

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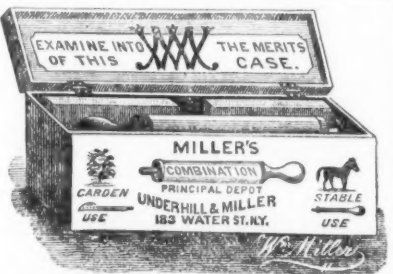
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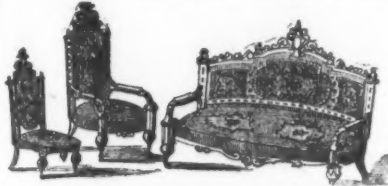
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